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LITERATURE.

(From the New Monthly Magazine.)

BOND-STREET IN SEPTEMBER.

Rousseau says, that all great cities are alike; as far as my own observation extends I can confirm the remark, and yet the portrait which they exhibit is one which our first parents could hardly have been brought to comprehend. Even if that primitive pair could have contemplated the many myriads that were to descend from them, and spread over the face of the earth, they could never have imagined that in various parts of its surface a million of beings would be huddled together in one narrow voluntary prison of stone and brick, so confined that they were born and died, lived, fed, and slept, in successive layers or stories from the cellar to the garret, obtaining that accommodation for the functions of existence by mounting above one another's heads, which could never have been afforded by the superficial extent of the ground they occupied. Thousands of hecatombs of animals, brought weekly from the surrounding country for the support of this multitude, and the whole condensed population, with all the animal remains, plunged into the earth within the straitened enclosure of the walls, age upon age, generation upon generation, laid over one another until the entire mass upon which the city stands becomes a putrescent abyss of corruption and *adipocire*, like that extracted from the cemetry of the Innocents at Paris! Such are the prominent features in which all great cities resemble one another: and they are quite sufficient to make me thank Heaven that I live not immured within any such pestiferous enclosure, where the very complexion of the inhabitants seems a reflection from the pale flag of Death which is perpetually shaking before their eyes.

Notwithstanding the family likeness perceptible in all those enormous mounds and accumulations of brick and bones, flesh and furniture, men and mortar, beasts and buildings, which constitute a city; and the similarity of habits and appearances, generated by all such multitudinous congregations, there is a sufficient diversity in the appearance of each individual capital when viewed under different circumstances and seasons. Perhaps no place in the world offers so striking a contrast to itself as London in and out of the season. When I speak of London, I put entirely out of view those industrious and useful classes who, living in the *terra incognita* eastward of the Bar, labour unintermittingly for the gratification of the westward population, and of course present a monotonous activity all the year round: but who that has ever seen Bond-street in all its gaiety and glitter, in its days of clattering hoofs and sparkling equipages, when its centre forms an endless line of moving magnificence, and its gorgeous shops on either side reflect an ever changing galaxy of belles and exquisites, would recognise the same place in the latter end of September, deserted, silent, spiritless, "so dull, so dead in look, so woe-begone," that it makes one "as melancholy as a gib-cat, or a lugged bear," to take the same walk for five minutes, which a few months before would in less space of time have evaporated the densest spleen, and possessed us with all bright, joyous, and spiritual fancies? The ghost-looking house-painters whom one encounters here and there with their poisoned visages; the scaffoldings under which one is so often obliged to pass at the risk of lime in your eyes, and the certainty of it upon your clothes, if you are so fortunate as to escape a brickbat upon the head; the dismantled shops, and the hot, dusty, empty street, as if they were not sufficiently miserable objects in themselves, complete the prostration of our spirits by recalling their past cheerfulness, and so aggravate their present gloom. Innumerable associations connected with Bond-street lift it, in its time of glory, so completely out of its materiality that we never think of it as a mere street, and in the season of its thick throngs we have no time to compare the ideal with the real, by subjecting its buildings to the matter-of-fact judgment of the eye. One might, indeed, lose that useful organ in the process, for those members of the Pococurante society—the porters, reck not if with the sharp angles of their humeral freightage they reduce us all to a Cyclopean community: and, moreover, one's optics are kept in such perpetual activity in catching the salutations of the smiling beauties who whisk by in their vehicles, in nodding to Lord A—— and Sir Harry B——, or in cutting old General C——, or any other established bore, that he who should be caught gazing upwards at the houses would infallibly be set down for a rustic star-gazer, if he were not knocked down for a London somnambulist.

Last month, however, in the solitude and vacancy of the footpath, I thought I might safely venture to look upwards and contemplate the street in its architectural character, when, O Heavens! what a bright web of association, what a tissue of Corinthian imaginations was instantly dissolved and frittered away. It was as if I gazed upon the corpse of one whom I had known in all the bloom and beauty of vitality. An ugly, irregular, desolate, dingy, beggarly, old-fashioned succession of brown-brick tenements, stretched before me, like Falstaff's ragged regiment, forming a mean and pitiful contrast with the swaggering looks and undue pomposity of the shops. As there was at that moment no delusion of fashion to redeem the inconsistency, I amused myself with calculating how the real features of this celebrated street would affect the novel-reading misses and bonnet-buying spinsters of the country, who from the frequent reference to this scene of action in newspapers and romances have been accustomed to invest it with something of a romantic and magnificent character. To add to my annoyance, it was one of those close, damp, sultry days, expressively termed *muggy* by the Londoners, and as my lungs panted under the hot moisture of the atmosphere, I echoed the ejaculation of the worthy farmer dying of an asthma—"If once I can get this plaguy breath fairly out of my body I'll take deuced good care it shall never get in again." As I thought of the buoyant and elastic breezes which I ought at that moment to have been enjoying in Gloucestershire, under my favourite clump of aspens, whose ever-fluttering leaves at once shaded me from the sun, and supplied me with the music of a perpetual waterfall, I felt in all its intensity the sentiment of Dante—

> ——"Nessun maggior dolore
> Che ricordarsi del tempo felice
> Nella miseria."

But perhaps the most pitiable and lugubrious of all the spectacles encountered at the West end in this season of emigration, are the disconsolate wights who being unable to procure an invitation to the country, and without money to get conveyed thither condemn themselves to a daily imprisonment, and steal forth in the dusk like the light-shunning bat, or the bird of Minerva, or rather, like ghosts of themselves, to haunt the spots which they loved in their days of fashion. A man must have a character to lose before he will thus submit to realise the Heautontimorumenos of Terence; but it is so easy to acquire the reputation of being "an idle fellow about town, visiting in all the genteel circles," that few West-endians and Bond-street loungers think themselves exempt from the observances which this state imposes. No condition is more sternly, more inexorably exacted by Fashion, than an absence from London in September, and it must be confessed that the wretches who are unable to comply with this mandate have at least grace enough to feel the full infamy of the stigma that attaches to their delinquency. No pickpocket has a quicker eye for a Bow-street officer, no spendthrift dandy has a keener perception of an approaching bailiff, than these victims of fashion have of an advancing acquaintance, if they are compelled to run the gauntlet of recognition beneath the garish eye of day. Reading him as far off as if he were a telegraph, they prepare all their wiles, doubles, and escapes, sometimes stealing into a shop, or bolting down a street or even a blind alley, or facing right about, so that if the enemy can even swear to their backs, he may not be able to aver that he has seen their faces in London, when its purlieus are under the ban and interdict of Fashion.

With a malicious pleasure I have occasionally amused myself in counteracting all these manœuvres and devices by running down a sidestreet, getting a-head of the game, and encountering him in front when he thought I was far behind; or by managing to run plump up against him at a corner, that I might observe the various degrees of self-possession and impudence with which the different culprits carried the thing off. Some were overwhelmed with instant shame, gave me a confused nod, and hurried on to avoid all interrogation; but the generality adopted the approved method of conscious guilt by becoming the attacking parties, and starting off into exclamations and surprises. "What, Harry Seven Oaks in London! Credat Judæus Apella!"—then the eyes are rubbed, and after an incredulous stare the party continues—"It is Harry, by Heaven!—why, my dear fellow, have you forgotten that this is September?—what would they say were I to mention this at H—— House, or Lord S——'s, or the Marchioness of D——'s?" Now it is clear, that a man who attacks you in this way, and even hints at betraying you to your noble friends, cannot himself be in the same predicament. He must be a mere accidental traveller over the forbidden ground; at all events, he wishes you to infer it, but for fear you should not have ingenuity enough to draw that conclusion, he takes care to add, that he is a mere bird of passage, having only arrived that morning from Cheltenham or Harrogate, and intending to set off next day for Dawlish or Sidmouth. Joe Manton, and his fellow-gunsmith Egg, have as many charges to endure as their own fowling-pieces, for several of my acquaintance have declared that after writing repeated letters without effect, they had been obliged to run up to London to reclaim their guns, which had been left to be repaired; never failing to add, in a tone of indignant reproach—"and you know pheasant shooting begins in ten days!" One friend had thrown himself into the London mail upon learning the dangerous illness of an uncle, from whom he had considerable expectations, and whom he accused of a scandalous want of consideration for falling sick at the time of the County races. Another, who was the indisputable author of some very ingenious charades in rhyme, informed me with a significant look, that a letter from his quiz of a bookseller had compelled him to run up to make certain preliminary arrangements for the publishing season. A third poor fellow, who began to walk rather limpingly as he specified his disaster, was under the necessity of coming all the way from Scarborough to consult Astley Cooper, respecting the old wound he received at Talavera; and a fourth, after frankly stating that he had never left London, declared, that he was so tired of all the bathing-places and the different noblemen's seats of which he had the run, that he was determined, for once and away, to pass an autumn in London, out of fun and novelty, and just to see what the thing was like.

Love of the country is with me a passion which has sprung up as the others subsided; perhaps a certain age is necessary for its full and sufficing fruition, before one can feel assured that if we walk out into the fields, look forth upon the green earth, the blue sky, and the flashing waters, and so put ourselves in communion with Nature and the unseen spirit of the universe, we shall infallibly tranquillize our bosoms, however agitated, by imparting to them the blandness and serenity of the surrounding landscape. If we become less social as we advance in life, we certainly sympathize more with nature, a substitution of which few will find reason to complain. The coxcombs of whom I have been writing had none of this feeling; they loved London rather than the country, yet they hated it so much when it was under the proscription of fashion that they invented all sorts of ingenious lies to apologize for their presence. Strange inconsistency! that a man should deem it more respectable to be a liar than to be accounted poor; more strange still, that an Englishman who boasts so much of his liberty and resists with so much pertinacity the smallest encroachment upon his free agency, should voluntarily become the slave of the most capricious of all despots—Fashion.

ENGLAND.

BLIND MATHEMATICIANS.

That a blind man should move in the sphere of a mathematician, seems a phenomenon difficult to be accounted for, and has deservedly excited the admiration of every age in which it has appeared.—Tully mentions it as a thing scarcely credible in his own master, Diodatus, "that he exercised himself in learning with more assiduity after he became blind; and that he professed geometry, describing his diagrams so expressly to his scholars, that they could draw every line in its proper direction." St. Jerome relates a more remarkable instance in Didymus of Alexandria, who "though blind from his infancy, and therefore even ignorant of letters, appeared so great a miracle to the world, as not only to learn logic, but geometry also, to perfection, which seems the most of any thing to require the help of sight." Cassidorus mentions Eusebius of Asia, who, according to his own account of himself, "had been blind from five years old, and yet had treasured up in his mind all kinds of learning, and also taught them with the greatest clearness to others." Trithemius gives a similar account of one "Nicaise of Mechlin, who, though blind from the third year of his age, like another Didymus, became so great a master of all learning and knowledge, divine and human, that he publicly taught in the university of Cologne, both the canon and the civil law, frequently reciting books he had never seen, but had learnt from their being read to him." Mention has also been made of a native of Holland, who, notwithstanding his blindness, excelled in mathematical learning. Dr. Nicholas Saunderson, who was Professor of Mathematics in the University of Cambridge at the commencement of the last century was totally deprived of both his sight and eyes, when only twelve months old. He discovered, when a boy, a strong predilection for mathematical studies, and as these were cultivated, he made a most rapid progress. In the year 1707, being then twenty-five years of age he was sent to Cambridge, where his friends had intended he should give lectures, not doubting but that the amazing proficiency he had already made in mathematical learning, and his peculiar felicity of expression in conveying his idea to others, would enable him to teach the mathematics with great credit and advantage even in the University. When he had arrived at Cambridge, he found that as Mr. Whiston, then in the Mathematical Professor's Chair, read lectures in the manner he had proposed, any attempt of this kind would be an encroachment on the privileges of his office. But Mr. Whiston readily consented to the application of Mr. S.'s friends, and allowed him to give lectures. These were immediately so well attended by Students from the several Colleges, that he could hardly divide the day among all who were desirous of his instruction. The *Principia Mathematica* of Sir Isaac Newton, with his *Treatise on Optics*, and his *Arithmetica Universalis*, were the foundation of Mr. Saunderson's mathematical lectures. Upon the removal of Mr. Whiston from his Professorship, Mr. Saunderson's mathematical merit occasioned an extraordinary step to be taken to qualify him with a degree which the statues require. A mandate was granted from the Queen, conferring on him the degree of Master of Arts; upon which he was chosen Lucacian Professor of Mathematics in 1711. His inaugural speech, in Latin, was distinguished by its elegance, and by the graceful manner in which it was delivered. In the year 1728, when George II. visited the University of Cambridge, he expressed a wish to see so extraordinary a person; accordingly the Professor was introduced to his Majesty, who created him Doctor of Laws by his Royal favour. Dr. Saunderson had so strong a memory, that he could calculate in his mind, multiply, divide and extract the square or cube root to many places of figures; and could keep pace with any calculator, in algebraical problems, infinite series, &c. His sense of touch was so acute, that he could with great nicety and exactness discover the slightest

difference of surface, or the least defect of polish; thus he distinguished in a set of Roman medals the genuine from the false, although they had been counterfeited with such exactness as to deceive a connoisseur.

EPOPEMENT IN HIGH LIFE.

An affair, which has plunged a highly respectable family into the deepest distress, is likely, we understand, to occupy the talent of some of our Gentlemen of the long robe at the next Assizes. A most amiable and exalted Ecclesiastic, residing about nineteen miles from town, became deeply enamoured, about two years since, with the youngest daughter of a baronet, who was on a visit at the house of her uncle, a General Officer, in the immediate neighbourhood of the worthy Divine's residence. Considerable ingenuity was resorted to on the part of the Rev. Gentleman to obtain an introduction to the object of his tender regard, which was rendered extremely difficult, from a misunderstanding between the General and the Divine having then been only recently decided by legal process. It was at last effected through the kind and disinterested exertions of a Captain of a Regiment of Infantry, a mutual friend of the parties. The Rev. Gentleman did not lose the opportunity his worthy friend's kindness had procured him, and the result was, that, after a few weeks, the fair one yielded her hand to her idolizing admirer. The honeymoon was passed with much happiness on the paternal estate of the bridegroom, in the county of Suffolk, after which a tour to the classic shores of Baiæ was projected and enforced. The party returned about three months since, and took up their residence at their estate, which now had become doubly dear to them from the recollection of its being the spot where

"Love first with warm return was met!"

They were no sooner settled than (almost naturally) the friend, through whose instrumentality so much happiness had been gained, was invited to spend his autumnal furlough with them. The invitation was accepted, and about six weeks since the gallant Captain, attended by his "man," arrived from his regiment in Ireland. We can suppose the hospitality and kindness with which the soldier was treated; but (sometimes fatally)

"There is a charm in woman's eye,"

at the shrine of which even friendship and honour yield.—Its truth was too fatally proved in this instance. The 24th of the present month the Captain's leave was to expire. Its approach was regretted by all, and as the hours stole on, which were so soon to separate them, every luxury which could conduce to the gratification of the remaining ones was profusely and cheerfully procured. Mirth and revelry seemed to banish the pangs which remembrance brought with it; and the intellectual society of some literary friends of the Clergyman was resorted to, to cheer hours that might otherwise pass wearily. The last day but one before the separation, had at length arrived, and it had been previously determined on for a parting dance at the Honourable Mrs. ——. An early dinner was ordered, and, in the interim, the Captain and the Lady went to pay a morning visit at the cottage of the Lady's aunt, about a mile distant. We blush to relate the rest. The hour of dinner arrived, and no guest or mistress returned. Suspicion had not once entered the guiltless mind of the injured husband, and he endured the most severe of mental tortures in his anxiety for the fate of his wife and friend. Mrs. S. was sent to, but had heard or seen nothing of either, and then, and only then, was it supposed possible, that the Lady had made a guilty elopement. Her chamber was entered, and a great part of her wardrobe found wanting. There was now little to doubt, and the consequent agony of the husband may be imagined, but cannot be described.

Every search was made for the fair fugitive in vain, until she was met on Tuesday, in Sackville-street, Dublin, with her paramour, whose regiment is now under orders for a foreign destination, whither, we understand, she is determined to accompany him. The profession of the injured husband prevents him taking any satisfaction, but such as the injured laws of his country afford him, and we learn, his intention at present is to do so. The Lady is highly accomplished, and only in her twenty-third year. The Captain is about thirty-six, and her husband ten years older.

HUMANITY.—On Saturday morning, about half-past eight, the Swedish brig Amphion, Appelberg, master, bound from Stockholm to Havre de Grace, with a cargo of deals, iron, &c. was driven ashore, between the Circular Redoubt and Dymchurch, having parted from her anchors during the very heavy gale from the south west (then, in some degree, subsided) and almost immediately fell on her beam ends in a terrible surf. The crew consisted of eight persons, with one passenger, who placed themselves on the vessel's side, imploring that assistance which it appeared almost impossible to bestow with sufficient promptitude. The Officers on the Coast Blockade got a boat from a station at some distance, and, at the most eminent peril of their lives, from the tremendous surf, Lieut. Dyball, of the Royal Navy, accompanied by four seamen, put off to the vessel, which they were not able, unfortunately, to reach, the boat having been upset at some considerable distance. The spectators, to the number of forty, headed by Mr. Brooman, Mr. Gilson, &c. of the Coast Blockade, linked their hands together, and thus entering the surf, succeeded in getting the Lieutenant and his brave fellows ashore, whither the boat was driven some time afterwards, when Lieut. Dyball, having been disabled by a very severe contusion on the right side (struck by the boat in capsizing) his place was taken by Mr. Collins, Admiralty Midshipman, who had just succeeded in reaching the vessel, when a tremendous sea took the boat, carried away three of their four oars, and dashed them, to the horror of the spectators, amidst the breakers to the leeward of their object. Here the seamanship and coolness of Mr. Collins excited the highest admiration; he deliberately tore up a waste board of the boat, and using it as a paddle, assisted by the one remaining oar, brought the boat out of the breakers safely on shore. By this time several seafaring people from Sandgate had arrived at the spot, who, assisted by Mr. Knott, of Hythe, with a waggon and harness, procured a galley from that place, and, on its arrival, it was immediately manned by six able hands of Sandgate—Greaves, Richards, Fisher, Overton, Cock, &c.; the blockade boat was again most gallantly manned by Mr. Collins, and the men, and put off at the same time. The superiority in size of the Sandgate boat enabled them first to reach the vessel, and they brought seven on shore of the nine persons. Mr. Collins quickly followed with the remaining two, amidst the plaudits of a number of persons there collected, who alone can duly estimate the dangers braved, and the devoted gallantry of their conduct. The Swedes were conveyed to the Swan Inn, Hythe, where every kindness and attention was manifested towards them.

The Transactions of the Literary Society of Bombay contain a paper, by Sir John Malcolm, on the Hindoo festival of Dusrah, the ceremonies of which were formerly attended by a mystery of great wickedness. It was not uncommon on these occasions to immolate human victims at the altar of one of their goddesses; and upon inquiring of a Brahmin as to the truth of the report, Sir John Malcolm was assured that his information was perfectly correct, and moreover that the unhappy persons who were selected as sin-offerings to the sanguinary Divinity were usually closely connected with the individuals whose hands deprived them of life. The particulars relative to this horrible sacrifice were communicated to Sir John Malcolm nearly as follows;—The Brahmins of the tribe Kurradee were formerly accustomed to immolate yearly a young Brahmin to Kula Dewary, an infernal goddess. This deity is supposed to delight in human blood, and is usually represented with three fiery eyes, and covered with red flowers; holding in one hand a sword, and in the other a battle axe. The prayers of her votaries are offered to her during the first nine days of the Dusrah feast, and in the evening of the tenth day a grand repast is prepared, to which the whole family is invited. An intoxicating drug is secretly mixed with the food of the intended victim, who, in many cases, is a stranger, or whom the master of the house has for several months—perhaps years, treated with the greatest kindness and attention, and sometimes, to lull suspicion, gives him his daughter in marriage. As soon as the poisonous and intoxicating drug operates, the master of the house, unattended, takes the devoted person into the temple, leads him three times round the idol; and, on his prostrating himself before it, takes this opportunity to cut his throat. He collects with the greatest care the blood in a small bowl, which he first applies to the lips of the ferocious goddess, and then sprinkles it over her body; and a hole having been dug at the feet of the idol, he deposits the corpse in it with the greatest care, in order to prevent discovery. After the perpetration of this horrid act, the Kurradee Brahmin returns to his family, and spends the night in mirth and revelry, convinced that by this praise-worthy act he has propitiated the favour of the blood-thirsty deity for twelve years. On the morning of the following day, the corpse is taken from the hole, into which it has been thrown; and the idol is laid aside till next Dusrah, when a similar sacrifice is made. The discontinuance of this barbarous superstition was occasioned by the knowledge of a very revolting case having been conveyed to the Peishwa of the district, some time before Poona was added to the British dominions; who suppressed immediately this order of the Brahmins, or at least forbade the exercise of their detestable rites within the limits of his government.

MR. KEAN.

REMARKABLE ADVENTURE.

(From the Newry Telegraph.)

A few days previous to Mr. KEAN's departure from hence, he was induced to visit Rosstrevor, accompanied by a few friends, for the purpose of beholding the beautiful and romantic scenery with which that charming neighbourhood abounds. As he and his party were sauntering along the beach, contiguous to the woodhouse, entranced in admiration of the rich and ever-varied landscape, which the hand of Nature has here so bountifully spread in view, their attention was quickly roused by the shriek of a female voice which proceeded from the wood. Mr. Kean, always alive to the dictates of gallantry, rushed forward towards the spot. Though still in doubt respecting the real cause of the screams of the sufferer, he rightly guessed that some "unhallowed ruffian" had forced an unprotected female into the copse, for the purpose of abusing her. He instantly exclaimed, in his own peculiar manner—

Where is the villian? Let me see his eyes;
That, when I note another man like him,
I may avoid him.

On penetrating a few paces further into the thicket, the rustling of the brushwood served to guide him to the spot which the monster had chosen to effect his diabolical purpose. On hearing a human voice, and the noise of foot-steps, the scroundrel fled with the rapidity of lightening, and was, in a moment, lost within the recesses of the wood, but not until a thrust had been made at him with a cane-sword*, which transfixed part of his skirt-coat to a tree. At this moment, another of the party, a Gentleman† of large size, but of uncommon activity, arrived to succour Mr. Kean. They found a young female, of about fifteen years of age, breathless, faint with struggling, and literally bathed in blood from the wounds she had received.

Was there no pity—no relentless ruth?

No: but there was an eye that saw him—and a Being who will, soon or late, demand and enforce retribution. The account she gave of herself was, that she had been enjoying a walk upon the strand, when the villain suddenly appeared, and finding her alone in that solitary spot, instantly proceeded to the violence above described. She was conducted to a house at the Quay of Rosstrevor, and had restorative cordials administered to her, and indeed every thing which humanity could devise was resorted to, for the purpose of soothing her sorrow and mitigating her sufferings. The villian has unfortunately eluded justice for the present.

* The same which was presented to him by Mr. President Adams last year, and which once belonged to the gallant and immortal Washington.

† Mr. Kean's Amanuensis, it is presumed.

CREDULITY AND FRAUD.

The following well-authenticated statement exhibits the most striking instance of successful fraud and easy credulity we have on record:—An American vessel of burden arrived at the port of Limerick some time since, chartered to the house of Messrs. ——, merchants of that place. On board of this vessel was a man of colour, who served in the capacity of cook's-mate. Though of most appalling ugliness, he possessed extraordinary cunning and quickness of invention. Tired of a seafaring life, he resolved on the first opportunity to leave the service, which he eventually found means to do, on the vessel touching at an American port, when he deserted, and commenced a new calling as preacher of the Gospel. But the Yankees not relishing his doctrines, or unwilling to have salvation dealt out at his hands, he was compelled once more to plough the "briny wave;" and a vessel for Ireland then lying at New-York, he entered in the capacity we have already described. The Messrs. ——, were members of the Society of Friends, possessed considerable wealth as merchants, and influence as citizens in the city of Limerick, where Sectarianism prevailed to a great extent. On his arrival, the African visited various places of worship, and from amongst Protestants, Roman Catholics, Quakers, Presbyterians, Calvinists, Independents, Arminians, Walkerites, New Methodists, and Primitives, he chose the latter as the people whose credulity and religious zeal left them most open to imposition. While the ship was being unloaded, he found means artfully to ingratiate himself into the favour of the merchants to whom the cargo was consigned, representing that he had been a very sinful man, but had been convinced of the error of his ways by means no less miraculous than the conversion of St. Paul when journeying to Damascus. He stated that he had been on board a large West India trader, and sailing one night in the Gulf of Florida, the ship was struck by a thunder-bolt, which took away the masts and rigging, killed seven of the crew, and laid him prostrate on the deck in a state of total insensibility, from which he was with difficulty recovered. Alarmed by this awful visitation of Providence, he betook himself to constant prayer, and was one day prompted by some secret impulse, for which he could not by any means account, to take up a Bible belonging to another of the crew, which, to his great surprise, he read with facility, though never before having learnt a letter of the alphabet: but a greater wonder still remained to be disclosed; when he took up any other book, he found it sealed; not a word could he understand! By means of this extraordinary story, the highly-favoured African was speedily introduced to the then Mayor of Limerick, Andrew Watson, Esq. who was ardently attached to the Methodist worship, and who procured a place for the learned Pundit to expound the hidden mysteries of religion. The novelty of a black preacher soon attracted many persons, and the wonderful story of his inspiration abated nothing of their curiosity or respect. In a short time the sooty cook's-mate was to be found at the tables of the most respectable merchants and shop-keeper's, "feasting sumptuously every day," and "clad (if not in purple, at least in best superfine black) and fine linen." Suitable provision was made for a regular weekly supply of money, and elegant apartments were also provided for this sooty oracle, who had now grown into the graces not only of the Methodists, but of the Quakers, who are in general considered to be a shrewd and discerning people. Unfortunately, the extravagance of his good luck made him forgetful of his profession, and in an evil hour he wooed and won the affections of the house-maid where he lodged, and was soon after admitted to her fair embraces, which in due time produced a highly coloured proof that she had not always lain alone. A disclosure of the circumstance followed; and those who had before been the principal advocates, now became the most inveterate enemies of this canting swindler. Legal proceedings having been commenced, he thought prudent to make a hasty exit one morning, and left his deluded flock to bewail their own simplicity, and to wonder at his cleverness in entrapping them.

EXTRAORDINARY CASE OF DELUSION.

(From Madam Du Noyer's Letters.)

The following story will appear to you incredible and fabulous; and perhaps I need not assure you that I had great difficulty in believing it; but as I had it from the lips of the individual who forms the subject of it, and as he was a visionary, I attributed it to the effects of a disturbed imagination. The event (at least as far as this person's mind was concerned) occurred in our day, and is attested by many in the city of Nismes. The tale is thus told. Mr. Graverol was alone in his study one day, about two o'clock in the afternoon, when a stranger was ushered in; as soon as he was seated, a conversation started up between the two. The stranger addressed Mr. G. in elegant Latin, saying that he had heard his learning spoken highly of, and he had come from a distant country to converse with him on things which had embarrassed the ancient philosophers. After Mr. Graverol had replied suitably to the compliment offered to his talents, "some very abstruse subject was introduced and handled in a scientific manner. The stranger did not confine himself to the Latin language, but he spoke Greek, and some Eastern tongues, which Mr. G. also understood perfectly. The latter was astonished and delighted with his guest's profound information; and for fear some person should call on him and interrupt it, he proposed a walk, which was readily acceded to by the stranger. The day was delightful, and you know there are some beautiful walks in the neighbourhood of Nismes: they left the house with the design of going through the gate, called the Crown-gate, which leads to some gardens, and a very fine avenue of noble trees. But as Mr. Graverol's house was a considerable distance from the place above mentioned, they were obliged to cross several streets before they reached it. During the walk Mr. G. was observed by many of his acquaintances—he being well-known in the city—to use much gesture, and he was also noticed to be speaking at intervals: what added to the surprise was, that no person was seen accompanying him. Some of his friends sent to his wife, expressing their fear that he was deranged, describing the manner in which he was noticed to pass through the streets. She being greatly alarmed at intelligence so extraordinary, despatched several persons in search of him; but they could not find him, as he had gained the shady walks outside the city with his new acquaintance. After expatiating on subjects of ancient and modern philosophy, and reasoning on the secrets of nature, they entered on the wide fields of magic and enchantment. The stranger argued with great ingenuity and power, but he exceeded the bounds of probability; and Mr. G. cried out "Stop, stop! Christianity forbids us proceeding to such lengths—we should not pass the prescribed boundaries." He had no sooner said this (at least according to the narration spread abroad) than the stranger vanished. Mr. Graverol being at that moment at the extreme end of one of the avenues, which was terminated by some palisades, was compelled to return the same way he went. On turning round, and not perceiving his companion, he became greatly alarmed, and uttered a dreadful shriek, which brought some men, who were employed in pruning the trees, to him. When these people perceived how pale and frightful he was, they gave him some wine which they had in a flaggon, and used all the means they could devise to restore him to himself. As soon as he recovered his recollection, he inquired if they had noticed where the gentleman had gone with whom he had been walking. He was very much agitated when these good people informed him that no one was with him when he passed under the trees where they were at work; neither had a single individual been in his company since he came in their sight, and they had observed him some distance before he reached them. They added, moreover, that when he passed, it struck them as being somewhat singular that he should be so deeply engaged in apparent conversation, although he was alone. Mr. G., on learning this, went immediately home, where he found his house in disorder and alarm concerning the reports which had reached his wife. He then related his adventure. When the story was noised abroad, it was publicly asserted all over the city, that the Devil had visited Mr. Graverol.—He was a very gentlemanly man and an advocate, and related the circumstances to me as I have detailed them. When he concluded, he said "this is accurately what happened; you now are acquainted with the facts as well as myself, and you may exercise your judgment respecting them as shall best seem fit. And all that I can add is, the stranger was a very learned and eloquent man, and reasoned like a philosopher."

PARLIAMENTARY SPEAKERS.

Mr. GOULBURN, Secretary for Ireland, scarcely pretends to eloquence, elegance, or oratory. He is a business speaker, equal to the task of plain statement and dry narrative, but he never rises to metaphor, and seldom strikes by compressed and forcible reasoning. Industrious, persevering, and well-intentioned, he unquestionably is as any who ever held the arduous and important post of Irish Secretary; and his being less ambitious of elegance of speech and flowers of rhetoric than Mr. Grant or Mr. Peel, ought perhaps to be considered as a valuable qualification for the duties he has to perform. It is no exaggeration to say, that his office is incomparably the most important at the present moment of all the offices of state in this country, not even excepting the Chancellorship of our overgrown exche-

quer. To trace the miseries of Ireland to their true sources, and to point out the safest, surest, and speediest remedies, is peculiarly the province of the Secretary, and success in this province concerns the security and prosperity of the empire at large, more than the most brilliant achievements of any other Minister in this piping time of peace. To say that Mr. Goulburn has advanced in this most important but extremely delicate labour beyond his predecessors in the present century would not be doing him justice: he has mooted principles and introduced measures, of vital importance too, which had until his time been cautiously shunned. The commutation of tithes is specially alluded to, and in that principle may be recognized the germ whence the relief, tranquillity, and progressive prosperity of Ireland must spring, if ever such *phenomena* are to present themselves. The question of Catholic Emancipation has occasionally shaken the Senate, the Administration, and the nation at large; but it must be confessed to be of far minor consideration to the commutation of tithes as a measure of relief and conciliation. More than *two-thirds* of the people of Ireland are Roman Catholics. This unfortunate and really lamentable fact can neither be disputed nor remedied. The ecclesiastical establishment, neither confined in its numbers nor scanty in its endowments, is at the same time Protestant. This, none who recollects the history of this country and appreciates the arrogant and illiberal spirit of the Roman hierarchy, can either regret or wish changed. The property, the Government, and the religious establishments of Ireland, are in the hands of Protestants. But property is charged with the support of the Church in the odious form of tithes in kind. By this means the Roman Catholic tenantry appear to support exclusively an establishment which they must execrate, as at once offensive to GOD and oppressive to men. This is not right, and ought not to be continued. The Roman Catholic who cultivates a farm, ought to be obliged by law to pay only the landlord's rent and the King's taxes. From rent alone ought the tithes to be paid. But this is not the place for discussing this subject in all its bearings. It is to the honour of Mr. Goulburn that he has fairly grappled with this question. His greatest difficulty is the darkness which envelopes every thing Irish, at least to our English eyes. As Secretary, he cannot obtain a just knowledge of Ireland by his own observation, for all are interested in deceiving him by extenuations or aggravations: the Irish Members are themselves deceived, or feel an interest in deceiving others; where the aggrieved find an opportunity of proclaiming their wrongs, they overlay their statements with such monstrous exaggerations as to deprive them of every title to credit. To this great and hitherto unsurmounted difficulty, ought, in fairness, to be imputed the little success which has attended the efforts of the present Irish Government, all the Members of which are not only disposed, but zealously anxious to promote the peace and prosperity of Ireland.

MR. CHARLES GRANT, late Secretary for Ireland and present Vice-President of the Board of Trade, is a genteel youth of Caledonian descent and Cambridge education. His speeches have been sufficiently well composed and respectably delivered, but an amiable insipidity has always rendered them important or useful only to their author. The entire change in the government of Ireland unhorsed him; but the son of an opulent East India Director, who had ever faithfully served his Majesty's servants, and the hereditary Member for the County of Inverness, could not be prudently flung away, or exposed to the enticements of a wily Opposition, who might put some metal in his rhetoric. Behold him then successor to the Right Honourable Thomas Wallace!

Mr. WALLACE, just appointed to the Mint, is a Cambrian Member, distinguished for profound knowledge and liberal views in commercial matters, and capable of explaining and enforcing his propositions with great clearness and force. His elocution and manner are ungraceful and even awkward. He speaks like the Greeks and Lord North, *ore rotundo*. It is a proof of the good sense and gentlemanlike feeling of the House of Commons, that no brogue or peculiarity of utterance has ever obstructed attention, far less excited ridicule, where diligence and sense are manifest. APER.

Law Intelligence.

COURT OF KING'S BENCH, GUILDHALL, OCT. 25.

THE CORPORATION OF LONDON v. BLYTH THE YOUNGER.—This was a writ of inquiry to assess damages on the bond given by the defendant, an oil-broker, to the Corporation of the City, in the penalty of 1,000*l.*, conditioned in the customary form, that he would not be guilty of fraud, or conceal the name of his principals, or traffic in oil for his own benefit. On these stipulations, breaches were assigned, and on these, judgment having been suffered by default, the Jury were now to estimate the amount of the damages.

Mr. Solicitor-General (with whom were the Recorder, the Common-Sergeant, and Mr. Bolland) detailed the case to the Jury. The Lord Mayor and Corporation of London, he admitted, had sustained no damage by the misconduct of which Mr. Blyth had been guilty, but they were trustees for the public, and felt it their imperious duty to bring the present action, in order to protect the commercial interests of which they were the guardians. By the wise regulations of the city, every person allowed to act as broker was compelled to enter into a bond that he would always, when required, disclose the name of his principal, and that he would not trade on his own account; and these conditions the defendant had unquestionably broken. He entered into a contract with a gentleman named Flockton to sell him a quantity of oil, who finding the oil did not correspond with the sample, demanded of Mr. Blyth the name of the vender, which he peremptorily refused to give. When Mr. Blythe was compelled to exhibit his books, he showed the name of "Mrs. Jane Mattison, Appleby, Westmorland," as the party for whom he acted, but that lady would be called, who would distinctly prove that she had no concern whatever with the officer; and, indeed, no doubt would be left on the minds of any one that the oil was the defendant's own property, and that he had made use of his situation to commit a fraud on Mr. Flockton. He afterwards arrested Mr. Flockton for the price of the oil; that gentleman applied to Messrs. Sweet and Stokes for their advice, who told him that if he could prove his statement, he might successfully defend the action, but judiciously recommended him rather to pay the money, than to run the hazard of a suit. He afterwards petitioned the Court of Aldermen, when Mr. Blyth thought proper to aggravate his offence by a most absurd and abusive paper, which would be read in evidence.

Mr. Scarlett suggested that it was unfair to aggravate the case by alluding to this paper, which formed no part of it.

The Lord Chief Justice replied, that the facts as stated needed no aggravation.

The Solicitor-General then shortly recapitulated the chief points of the charge, and called upon the Jury to give such damages as would prevent the wholesome regulations of the city from degenerating into idle forms.

The bond was then put in, and the condition read.

Mr. Flockton proved that the defendant, on 'Change, on the 9th of last November, proposed to sell to him some superior oil, at 25*l.* per ton, and on the Monday following came on horseback to his house, and without leaving his horse, showed him two samples, which appeared the finest oil he ever saw. Mr. Flockton agreed to take ten tons the next morning, and on the following day signed a contract for the oil, which the defendant stated had come by the ships Lusitania and Surrey. The next day he sent his nephew to inspect the bulk, and in consequence of his report, went with Mr. Daniel Hawkins to the defendant on 'Change, and demanded the name of his principal. This Mr. Blyth, with an oath, refused to give. He was afterwards arrested by Blyth, and by the advice of Messrs. Sweet, Stokes, and Carr, paid the money rather than submit to an action.

The witness was cross-examined at considerable length by Mr. Scarlett, but no material circumstance was elicited. He stated that Mr. Blyth was a man of 27 or 28 years of age, and admitted that the arrest had made him angry. In the course of the cross-examination, Mr. Scarlett applied the words, "I do not believe it" to an answer of the witness.

The Lord Chief Justice observed, that such an observation was very improper; on which Mr. Scarlett explained that he meant to say he did not believe the witness meant to reply as he did: and the conversation dropped.

Thomas Barrow, the nephew of Mr. Flockton, stated that he was present when the defendant brought the samples, and afterwards inspected the bulk in Mangle's Wharf, and, in his judgment, the bulk was inferior to the samples. He had sold part of it at a profit, before he inspected it, but afterwards advised his uncle to refuse it on account of its inferior quality. It had been chilled by the weather.

Mr. Daniel Hawkins stated, that he was present when Mr. Flockton demanded, and Mr. Brown refused, the name of the principal. He afterwards proposed a compromise to Blyth, without Flockton's authority, but Blyth insisted on proceeding with the action.

Mr. William Jones, of Upper Thames-street, proved that in September in last year, oil imported by the Surrey and Lusitania was deposited at Mangle's Wharf. It was of inferior quality, being of bad colour; and at first none was bought, but afterwards a quantity was disposed of through the agency of Mr. Blyth. The witness's firm bought six lots, and Blyth bought the inferior part of the purchase, amounting to 13 tons, and afterwards 5 tons, at 23*l.* He refused to give the name of his principal, except as to one lot, which he paid for, and cleared in the name of Flockton.

Mr. James Kidd, wharfinger, transferred the oils to Mr. Flockton's name by Mr. Blyth's directions.

Mr. Woodthorpe stated, that when Mr. Blyth was ordered to produce his book before the Court of Aldermen, he showed the name of "Mrs. Jane Mattison," and said she was a lady residing at Dowgate, in Appleby. Mr. Newman, the Solicitor for the City, was also present, and corroborated the statement of the last witness.

Mrs. Jane Mattison, an elderly lady, who lives at Appleby, but not in Dowgate, stated that she had lived in Lord Thanet's family; she knew nothing of Mr. Blyth, or of the oil, and never heard the name of the Lusitania or the Surrey.

Mr. John Ewin stated that he had made inquiry at Appleby, and could find no other Mrs. Mattison than the lady who had been produced in Court.

The Deputy Filacer produced Mr. Blyth's affidavit of debt, on which Mr. Flockton was arrested.

The paper alluded to by the Solicitor-General was then read. It was written in a very florid style, full of boasting of the writer's merits, and of invective against Mr. Flockton. It excited considerable laughter in the Court.

Mr. Scarlett, for the defendant, entreated the Jury to cast out of their consideration the very absurd and censurable paper which they had heard; which had been written unadvisedly, and formed no part of the merits of the cause. His client had undoubtedly violated the condition of his bond in refusing to disclose the name of his principal; but no fraud was proved against him. If Mr. Blockton had sustained any damage by the contract, he, who was evidently not disposed to soften the case, would scarcely have suppressed the circumstance, nor would his attornies have allowed him to remain contented with his loss. It might be wrong for a broker to agree with a principal to do business for him on the terms that his name should be concealed; but if that agreement was once made, it was more honourable to fulfil than to break it. If any person had been aggrieved, it was Mr. Flockston; the Lord Mayor and Aldermen had sustained no injury; and the Jury would hesitate before they filled the coffers of the city by the defendant's ruin. He was a young man who had acted imprudently and irregularly, but not fraudulently, and towards whom he trusted they would deal out justice in mercy.

The Lord Chief Justice said the Corporation had, in his judgment, acted most properly in suing, not only the principal, but the sureties, because they would thus infuse a salutary fear into the minds of those who might be tempted to abandon their duty. He thought it a wise regulation that no broker should make contracts for his own benefit, and also that he should be obliged to disclose the name of the party for whom he acted, and these conditions the defendants had clearly broken. This proceeding must be considered rather in the light of a punishment than a compensation; and the Jury would say to what extent they thought the defendant ought to suffer, as an example to others.

The Jury, after a short deliberation, assessed the damages at 500*l.*

The two next causes in the list were actions against the sureties of Mr. Blyth on similar bonds. The Jury assessed the damages on these also at 500*l.*, being informed by the Lord Chief Justice that the sum could only be once levied, and payment of 500*l.* by either party would discharge the others.

The Court rose at the unusually early time of a quarter before three.

Police.

BOW-STREET.

The atmosphere seems to have been impregnated with some very excitable quality on Saturday and Sunday night last, for all the disorderly *depots* of this district were crowded almost to an overflow, and the watchmen declared that they never had two such nights of it before. We subjoin a few specimens of their contents, as they were displayed before Sir RICHARD BIRNIE yesterday morning:—

Mr. George Philip Williams, a stationer, in Carey-street, Lincoln's Inn-fields, was charged with battering the wall of a house at the bottom of St. Clement's-lane with the head of one Mr. Samuel Nokes.

It appeared by the evidence that Mr. George Philip Williams lives on very uncomfortable terms with his spouse, and the poor lady has much ado to manage him. So far, there was nothing singular in their affair. But it appeared further, that when Saturday last was just at odds with Sunday morning, Mr. and Mrs. Williams were walking homewards—Mr. Williams "a *leetle* elevated in liquor," and Mrs. Williams rather remonstrative, as any lady naturally would be under similar circumstances, however little effect remonstrances may produce.

> "Ah, gentle dames! it gars us greet,
> To think how mony counsels sweet,
> How mony lengthen'd sage advices
> The husband frae the wife despises!"

But to our tale:—Mr. Williams would not listen to the "counsels sweet" of his fair spouse. With him, "love's young dream," and all that sort of thing, was all "my eye and Betty Martin," and the more Mrs. Williams wished to go home, the more he would *not* go. Mrs. Williams was provoked; and may be she used some arguments not altogether becoming towards her liege lord; but, however this may be, it is certain that at length Mr. Williams struck her, and *bolted* down Boswell court! But he bolted in vain; for Mrs. Williams, with great presence of mind, instantly cried "Stop thief! stop thief!" and ere the flying stationer could clear Clement's-lane, he was stopped by Samuel Nokes—an honest, hard-working little shoemaker, who was just at that moment retiring to his home and family with the earnings of a weary week. Samuel Nokes heard the shrill cry of "Stop thief!"—he heard also the sound of hasty feet coming towards him, and spreading out his arms to catch whatever might come, Mr. Williams rushed into them full butt. Now Samuel Nokes was almost upset by the concussion, for Mr. Williams, compared with Samuel Nokes, was a monument to a mustard-pot; but, nevertheless, Samuel held fast, and Mr. Williams, indignant at being thus caught in a mere *mouse-trap*, took up poor little Samuel Nokes in his mighty arms, and battered his little head against the wall most shamefully. In the next moment, however, Mrs. Williams and the watchman were on the spot; and, Samuel being released from his peril, Mrs. Williams would fain have had her husband home under the *surveillance* of the guardian of the night, but Samuel Nokes would by no means agree to this—he had no idea of having his head knocked against a hard brick wall in a matrimonial squabble in which he had no sort of interest; and therefore he insisted that Mr. Williams should go to the *watch-house*; and to the watch-house he went—though not without much pulling and toiling on the part of the watchmen.

Mr. Williams having been called upon by the Magistrate for his defence, seemed very shy of making any. He seemed to be thinking of the old adage—"The less said—the sooner mended;" and contented himself with replying that he had received a very awkward kick—somewhere about the hip.

This defence availed him nothing against Samuel Nokes's charge, for it was manifest to every body that Samuel Nokes could not have inflicted the kick upon Mr. Williams's hip, because his leg was not long enough.

His Worship commended Samuel Nokes for his spirit in seizing a person pursued by a cry of "stop thief!" severely censured Mr. Williams for his conduct towards his wife; and required him to find bail for the assault, unless he could prevail upon the complainant to withdraw his charge.

The parties withdrew, and shortly afterwards they returned saying, they were all good friends. So Mr. Williams was discharged, with a recommendation to conduct himself more discreetly in future.

Pat Laugham, an Emeralder, from Balliuafad, now stationary in London as an operative architect, was charged with creating a riot, and cruelly beating a watchman.

Pat Laugham had spent his evening—Saturday evening, at a public-house in St. Martin's-lane, and "the *cratur*" getting the better of his discretion, he was ejected from the premises—whereupon he boldly thrust the fist of him through the window, with as little care of the consequence as though his fist had been a mallet. The clatter occasioned by this feat brought the watchman to the spot; and he was no sooner there, than he was *floored* by the horny fore-paw of Pat Laugham, under the valiant war cry of—

> "My name's Pat Laugham,
> Windies and watchmen
> I always bang e'm!"

And bang them he did most unmercifully, as was fully proved by several respectable witnesses.

"Well, Pat, what have *you* to say?" asked his Worship.

"Fait, your *Wortchip*, it was me *pay table* where I was, let it be where it will; and I was coming out of it to go to my own place, and where are you going Pat? says they to me. Gad's blood, says meself, I'am going to me place, bekase I've got enough of it—that's the *drink*, your Wortchip; and sure I had, at that same time. Where am you going to, Pat? says they. To me own place, says I; then, take that, says they, and they knocked the head of me clane through the *windy*, just in no time, your Honour; and that's the rights of it—any how."

Ordered to find bail; and in default committed to the Sessions.

MORE IRISH JARS.—*Gee* v. *Cochrane*—*John Cochrane* was charged with *bating* and *illtrating* Anne, the wife of Mr. John Gee, of Charles-street, Drury-lane.

John Cochrane is a Knight of the hod—and a cleaner made fellow never trotted along a plank. He is, moreover, extramely hardworking and prudent—for an *Irishman*; and these good qualities got him a nice little wife some three or four months ago—Kathleen, own cousin by the mother's side to Mr. John Gee's brother-in-law; and *hinc illæ lacrymæ* (as the classicals say)—for Mr. John Gee is "an army *kouterment* maker," and of course he felt very much annoyed that his brother-in-law's own cousin by the mother's side should throw herself away upon a *bricklayer's labourer*.

Mrs. Anne Gee deposed, that on Wednesday night Misther Cochrane came to her house, and challenged her husband Mr. John Gee to come out of it and be *bate*; that a graat crowd of his folks came with him to see the bating, and there was a graat botheration in the street about it; that she fastened up her husband in his own place, because he should not go out to be bate, and went out herself to try to persuade John Cochrane to be aizy; that John Cochrane swore "Be th'powers" that he would not be aizy at all; and that upon her resisting his entrance into the house he bate her, and upset her, and molished her in the passage of her own lawful place!

"Really, John Cochrane," said the Magistrate, "this was very unmanly conduct in you!—What have you to say in excuse?"

"Fait, your honour, a graat da'e of it!" replied John Cochrane. Then, turning to Mrs. Anne Gee, he addressed her thus. "Answer to me Misthress Gee, if yo t plaze.—Wasn't ye houldin up ye're heads becaze meself and Kathleen got to be man and wife without axing ye? Wasn't ye telling it every where that meself was married in borrow'd clothes, and that Kathleen couldn't go to the bed that same night for want of the *shemaze?*"

To all these questions, Mrs. Anne Gee answered boldly "No—I did not."

"'Fait, then, ye'll say any thing, Misthress Gee—like the man that owns ye!" rejoined John Cochrane.

"But what have you to say to the charge of assault, John Cochrane?" said the Magistrate; "how came you to forget yourself so far as to beat a woman?"

"Be the Powers! your Honour, it isn't meself that 'ud be after *bating* the woman—barrin *she was her husband!* She tuk the poker to bate *me* with it, your Honour; and by the same token she *did!*"

Dickens, (one of the patrol) who had witnessed the affray, said he verily believed John Cochrane would have seriously wounded Mrs. Gee, if he had not interposed in her behalf; and upon this additional evidence John Cochrane was committed to the custody of the goaler, until he should find bail for his appearance at Quarter Sessions.

Varieties.

At the last Lent Salisbury Assizes an action was tried—Sandy against Audrey, the late High Sheriff of the County. On the part of the plaintiff two witnesses were examined, named *Brownjohn* and *Whiteheart*, but neither of them having proved to the extent expected, the former being dressed in *black*, and the latter having a *brown* coat on, a professional gentleman wrote and handed to Mr. C. F. Williams, the plaintiff's Counsel, the following impromptu:—

In a cause such as this, you will surely break down,
Since your *Brownjohn* looks *black*, and your *Whitehart* looks *brown*:
If I am a prophet, it never can do,
And shortly the verdict will make *you* look *blue*.

In a few minutes afterwards the prophecy was fulfilled by the Jury returning a verdict for the defendant.

Two Irish labourers, who were lately serving some masons, happened to quarrel, when one of them, who was remarkably stout and tall, struck his neighbour a smart blow on the ear, without betraying any very marked symptoms of irritation. "Is that in *earnest* or *joke*, Pat," cried the sufferer, smarting under the chastisement, but frightened to retaliate. "In *earnest*," said his relentless antagonist. "Och, then its all very well," replied the injured man coolly, "for I like no such *jokes*."

A late Liverpool paper says, that an inquest had been held on the body of Ralph Mattram, a watchman, who had fallen into the *dry* dock, and was *drowned* before he could be taken out!

It is recorded, that when Spencer had finished the *Faery Queen*, he carried it to the Earl of Southampton, the great patron of the poets of those days. The manuscript being sent up to the Earl, he read a few pages, and then ordered his servant to give the writer twenty pounds. Reading further, he cried, in a rapture, "Carry that man another twenty pounds!" Proceeding still, he said, "Give him twenty pounds more." But at length he lost all patience, and said, "Go turn that fellow out of the house, for if I read on I shall be ruined."

Rustic Politeness.—The father of the present Lord Abingdon, who was remarkable for the stateliness of his manners, one day riding through a village in the vicinity of Oxford, met a lad dragging a calf along the road: who, when his Lordship came up to him, made a stop, and stared him full in the face. His Lordship asked the boy if he knew him. He replied, "Yes," "What is my name?" —"Why Lord Abingdon," answered the lad. "Then why don't you take off your hat?" "I, I will sur," said the boy, "if ye'll hold the calf."

A few days ago a woman was put to the bar of the Police Court, on a charge of being drunk and disorderly. The Magistrate said, if she would promise to abstain from drinking spirits in future, he would allow her to go without punishment. To which she replied with great candour—"Atweel no, I'll no do that: I've ay ta'en a drappy whan I could get it—and I'll do sae yet."—*Edinburgh paper.*

The following curious epitaph is inscribed on a stone in the Churchyard of Dunkeld in Scotland:—

Stop, Reader, here, until my life you read,
The living may gain *knowledge* from the dead;
Four times five years I lived a *Virgin's* life,
Ten times five years I was a married *Wife*;
Ten times five years a *Widow* grave and chaste,
Now, wearied of this mortal life, I rest.
I from my cradle to my grave have seen
Eight mighty Kings of Scotland and a Queen;
Four times five years a Commonwealth I saw,
Ten times the subjects rise against the law;
Twice did I see old Prelacy pull'd down,
And twice the Cloak did sink beneath the Gown.
And end of Stewart's race I saw—nay more,
I saw my country sold for English ore,
Such desolation in my time has been,
That I've an end of all perfection seen.

An active Robber.—On Sunday morning last the neighbourhood of Kennington-cross was alarmed by an uncorteous robber, who proceeded through the window of an old maiden lady's bed chamber, and at a moment when the gentle powers of Morpheus had given her an agreeable lullaby, he placed himself gently by her side. The vestal finding her sanctuary outraged, bellowed most vociferously, and called for assistance with uncommon lungs; instead of the air, "Sweetly slumbering," she sang "Thieves! Murder! Rape!" and a hundred other horrible ejaculations, which brought forth all the family on the stairs, *ri et armis*, some with sticks, spits, pokers and other warlike instruments. Her screams for help induced them to break open the door. At this awful moment the robber slipped through their fingers, and hurried down the stairs, whence he escaped through the garden. Not satisfied with this ungallant attempt, he proceeded to a gentleman's house in Walcot-place, where the kitchen window was invitingly open, through which he entered *sans ceremonie*, and at once commenced devouring some pastry the lady had prepared for the family dinner. Here again he was interrupted, and took his route to the grape house, where it appeared his epicurean fancies declared him as fond of grapes as tartlets. Now the cry of "Stop thief!" resounded from all quarters, and the pursuit grew hotter and hotter; seeing himself closed upon, he ran up a tree, and thence to the roof of the house. Here a parley took place, and the result was a council of war; some were for shooting him without trial, others for stoning him to death; an Irish labourer, who joined in the hue and cry, swore by St. Patrick he should be brought to justice in the Irish way—"hang him first, and try him afterwards." During this animated discussion, a gentleman from Chester-place made his appearance, and claimed the robber as his monkey.

A gentleman calling on a certain witty British Consul on a rainy evening, complained that his shoes had admitted the water. "I am surprised, Sir," said the representative of majesty, "that your shoes should be leaky when you had *both pumps a-going.*"

SCOTLAND.

The THREE PERILS OF WOMAN; *or Love, Leasing, and Jealousy.* A series of Scottish Tales.—By James Hogg.—*In 2 vols.—New-York.*

This is the production of an extraordinary man, the title he has chosen is singular, the material selected are no less so, the effects produced are of a very uncommon kind, and there is a bold originality in every line and character. The Ettrick Shepherd, whose history is a curiosity in literature, possesses a true poetic mind—a powerful imagination, which by the way he occasionally suffers to run wild.—He rides his Pegasus with whip and spur, but drops from his hand the reins. His journey, therefore, is often devious, and he is injured by being regardless of his way. A friendly guide would prevent this, sound judgment would correct the errors of imagination, and good taste would avoid coarseness. Yet, notwithstanding the alloy, the metal is worthy a true stamp.

These volumes comprise but two tales, Jealousy being but the sequel of Leasing, and instead of the hackneyed mode of chapters, the parts are divided into circles.

The characters in the first Peril, Love, are, Daniel Bell, a wealthy border-sheep farmer, his wife, a selfish matron, his beautiful daughter Agatha, or Gatty, his son Joseph, and his poor pretty niece Cherry, or Cherubina Elliot, M'Ion, a young Highland Chieftain, of mysterious parentage, Mrs. Johnston, Gatty's nurse, who turns out to be a lady, and M'Ion's mother, Dick Rickelton, a tremendous Northumbrian boor, related to the Bells; and sundry others, as M'Turk and Callum Gun, &c,

We presume not to guess whence Mr. Hogg collected his memoranda for this very admirable and well told tale, which he asserts is founded on fact, and we feel inclined to believe him; for honest nature speaks strongly in every page; but whether this be the case or not, is of little moment, since he has arranged all the particulars with great skill, and produced a very striking whole. The interest never lags for a moment—it is of an intense kind, and powerfully kept alive.—His portraits are finely drawn, in good keeping, and some of them highly finished; as for instance, Daniel Bell, who is a most exquisite picture of his kind, and perfectly original. This story is well calculated to amuse and fix attention—indeed, it is so rich a treat, that after having enjoyed it freely, one cannot but hunger and thirst again and again to approach the banquet.

"Now, daughter Gatty," said he, "ye hae just four things to learn in Edinburgh—no to learn, but to perfect yoursel in: ye hae to learn to manage your head, your hands, your feet, and your heart.—Your head will require a little redding up, baith outside and inside. It's no the bobs and curls, the ribbons and the rose-knots, the gildet kames, and the great toppings o' well-sleekit-up hair, that are to stand the test for life; and yet these are a' becoming in their places. But there *is* something else required. Ye maun learn to think for yoursel, and act for yoursel, for you canna' always have your mother and me to think and act for you. Ye maun learn to calculate and weigh, not only your own actions, but your motives of action, as well as the actions and apparent motives of those with whom you have to deal; and stick aye by that, my woman, of which you are sure you will never be ashamed, either in this world, or the one that's to come.—But I am growing ower serious now, and I never likit sermons muckle mysel; therefore, in the management of your feet, I wad advise you to learn a' the reel-steps, hornpipe steps, and transpey-flings, that have ever been inventit; and be sure to get a' the tirliwhirlies of country-dences, and town-dances, cost what they like. I canna name the sum I wad whiles hae gien in my life to hae been master of twa or three o' them, especially when I was made head-manager o' the Duke's balls. There was my lady Eskdale and I set up at the top o' the dance. She got her choice o' the figure, they ca'd it, and she made choice o' the ane that they ca' the Medley. Weel, the music struck up wi' a great skreed, and aff we went, round-about and round-about, back and foret, setting to this ane, and setting to the tither, deil hae me an I ken'd a foot where I was gaun; and there was I, flying and rinning like a sturdied toop, and the sweat drapping aff at the stirls of my nose. But it was mair through shame than fatigue; for, when I heard the young gillies laughing at me, I lost a' sense and recollection thegither, and just ran looking ower my shoulder, to see what my partner was gaun to do neist. Ten shillings worth o' dancing, when I was young, wad hae set me aboon o' that; and I am resolved, afore ye should ever be in sic a predicament, to ware ten times ten on your dancing, forbye a' that I hae gien already.

"If ever ye be spared to be a wife, there will mair depend on your head than your hands; but yet you are nae the waur o' being able to cook your family a neat dinner, and make yoursel a new gown at an orra time, or a frock to a bit wee ane.

"But now for the heart, daughter; that is what requires the maist care, and the maist watching ower of all, and there's nought else that I am sae unqualified to gie an advice in. Keep it aye free o' malice, rancour, and deceit: and as to the forming of ony improper connexions, or youthful partialities with individuals of the other sex, it is sae dangerous at your time o' life, that no advice nor guardianship can countervail. I maun therefore leave it entirely to your own discretion and good sense.

"I might have mentioned the management of the tongue, as another, and a separate point of attention; but is is a mere machine, and acts only in subordination to the head and the heart; if these are kept in proper order, the other winna rin far wrang. But dinna be ower the matter punctual about catching the snappy English pronounciation, in preference to our own good, full, *doric tongue*, as the minister ca's it. It looks rather affected in a country girl to be always snapping at the English, and at the same time popping in an auld Scots phrase, that she learned in the nursery, for it is impossible to get quit of them. I ken, when I used to be at the Duke's table, or at Lady Eskdale's parties, I always made a bold push at the English; but, in spite of a' I could do, the Scots was aye ready at my tongue-roots, and the consequence was, that mine turned out a language that was neither the one nor the other. But mind aye this, my woman,—that good sense is weelfaurd and becoming, in whatever dialect it be spoken; and ane's mother-tongue suits always the lips of either a bonny lass or an auld carl the best. And mair than that, the braid Scots was never in sic repute sin' the days of David Lindsey, thanks to my good friend Wattie Scott,—I may weel ca' him sae, for his father was my father's law-ware, and mony a sound advice he gae him."

"Dear father, will I ever see this Walter Scott in Edinburgh?"

"How can I tell ye that, daughter? If ever you come near where he is, you will see him. He is as weel to be seen as other fo'k, though, perhaps, no just sae often. You can see him every day from the gallery of the Parliament-House; and I'll tell you how you will ken him:—look into the round pew close in before the lords, and you will see three or four black-gowns sitting round a table; and amang them, if you see a carl that sits always with his right shoulder to you, with hair of a pale silver gray, a head like a tower, braid shoulders, and long shaggy e'e-brees—the very picture of an auld, gruff Border Baron,—that's Wattie Scott. God bless us! when I saw him first at his grandfather's ha', he was a bit hempy callant, wi' bare legs, and the breeks a' torn off him wi' climbing the linns and the trees for the nests o' corbie-craws and hunting-hawks. And then he was so sanguine, that he was finding them every day; but there was ane of his hunting-hawks turned out a howlet, and another o' them a cushat-dow. And as for his ravens, his grandfather told old Wauchope out of his own mouth, that 'as for his Wat's grand ravens, there was never ane o' them got aboon the rank of a decent respectable hoody-craw.' But these sanguine, keen-edged chaps are the lads for making some figure in life, for they set out determined either to make a spoon or spill a horn. And ye see, though Wat, when he was young, clamb mony a tree in vain, and rave a' his breeks into the bargain, he continued climbing on, till he found a nest wi' gouden eggs at the last. Weel, God bless him! he's turned out an honour to Scotland."

The following letter possesses much interest, and relates to some of the most important parts of the story it describes, to the character of Cherry, in one of the most trying situations in which a female can be placed.

"My dear Friend and Benefactress,

"I needed not your letter to put me on the alert in frustrating this unlucky affair, and in promoting the alliance between my brave, my matchless son, and your daughter, for my heart was as much set on it before as it was possible to be. I have fought a hard battle for you, and I think I have prevailed; but it has been a heart-breaking business, and I shall hardly forgive myself for the part I have acted as long as I live. I must give you the particulars, and then you may judge of the event.—In the first place, I entreated, I conjured my son, as he valued his peace of mind, not to throw away his first love; assuring him, that her precious life was at stake. It was impossible for a man to be in a more miserable situation than he was, between his engagement to simple and unsuspecting innocence on the one hand, and strongly rooted affection on the other, and my heart pitied him; nevertheless, I pressed him without forbearance to the course I judged the most proper. In the mean time, Cherry was never from his side; and such looks of gratitude and affection I never saw cast from one human being to another. Her eye watched his continually; and when his chanced to turn on her, she neither blushed nor looked down, but met his glance with a smile so full of love, joy, and benevolence, that it pierced my soul with sorrow to think of the critical verge on which she stood. I knew that my son was incapable of mentioning a separation to her, perhaps even of giving assent to it; and, therefore, as a last resource, I resolved to take the hard task on myself.

"'Well, Cherry,' said I, 'so it seems you purpose becoming my daughter-in-law one of these days? Why did you never inform me of this?'

"She answered with great readiness, and as much propriety, 'Because, you know, I thought that did not belong to me. I informed my own mother and near relations, and left Mr. M'Ion to inform his or not as he liked.'

"'But, dear Cherry,' said I, 'do you really presume to become a lady of quality, and act a part among the first nobility of the land?'

"'It is no presumption of mine,' returned she, very readily. 'The plan and the proposal came from one whom I thought a better judge of gentility than either you or me.'

"This poignant answer gave me rather a better edge for proceeding, and I said, 'My dear Cherry, I am sorry to inform you that you can never be my son's bride. I am perfectly sincere; the thing is impossible.'

If you had seen how she looked in my face! What amazement was in that look, mixed with a little offended pride! Still her answer was not wanting. 'It may be so,' said she; 'but I will take nobody's word for that but his own."

"'You may take my word for it, dear Cherry,' said I; 'I know that it would be madness in me to tell you aught but the truth in this, which is, that his heart was betrothed to another, and it was only in the chagrin of imaginary disappointment that he made a rash offer of his hand to you, which was accepted ere ever he had time to reflect on the consequences.'

"The colour then began to part from her lips, and her cheek grew pale. 'I knew so much before,' said she; 'for he was too candid not to tell me that he *had* loved another better. But I thought that was all over; and it was to please *him* that I took him at his offer. Whenever he likes to cast me off, to oblige him I'll submit to it cheerfully, but only on the condition that he is to let me love him all my days.'

"How glad was I that my son did not hear these words! If he had, the whole world would not have made him cast off Cherry. But I am cruel. My heart is adamant, when set on obtaining a desirable purpose, else I never could have stood this. I could not speak, but I took her little hand and kissed it. 'Ah! I see you are going to relent and let me keep him,' said she, with a pathos that is inexpressible, save from lips so simple.

"'The thing is utterly impoisible,' said I. 'His heart is otherwise engaged; and it would be the most flagrant injustice to you, were he to give you his hand, while his heart is devoted to another.'

"'I will take my chance of that,' said she. 'His heart can never be any thing but kind to me. Who can it be that he loves so much better than me?'

"'All concealment is now vain,' answered I. 'It is your cousin, Miss Bell, who has the sole possession of his heart.'

"'I suspected as much!' said she with great vivacity; 'but then I love him a thousand times better than she, so the quantity of love will still be made up between us. I'll not give him up to her; for she despises him, and has used him vilely. I *will not* give him up for one who disdains him.'

"'So far from that being the case,' said I; 'the news of your espousals have affected her so deeply, that she has taken to her bed, and is very ill; and her mother writes me that she is afraid she cannot survive it.'

"The good creature's countenance altered again into a shape of the deepest sorrow. 'Ah! mercy on me! that's terrible,' exclaimed she. 'My dear cousin does not deserve that at my hand, for she has always been a good friend to me; and it was she that made her parents first take notice of me, when I was very low indeed. I cannot kill my cousin. But I hope, after all, it is only a fit of chagrin at my good fortune. She was rather apt to take the pet whiles, and go to her bed. But I need not say that. I find too well how I could bear it myself. Poor Gatty, I cannot kill her!

"I then read to her that part of your letter which related to your daughter's illness, and her own words, that, 'she had laid down her head on the pillow, and should never lift it again, after her lover became the possession of another.' 'So that you see, my dear girl,' added I, 'if you persist in holding my son at his word, which he never will break, you will be the murderer both of your cousin and him. How could ever you be happy, or how could he be happy with you, and such a crime upon your heads!' Then, for the first time, she fell a sobbing deeply, and the tears rolled in her large blue eyes, but did not drop. 'I see how it is,' said she.—'I am forsaken. I am just now like a young bird, that some vagrant boy has reaved from the nest, and after carrying it far away from its parents, he finds a richer covey, tires of the poor little orphan, and flings it away to shift for itself, a prey to any hawk or buzzard that likes to kill it. Well, well! He shall buy me a yellow gown, the true forsaken co-

lour; and pull me a willow-flower to wear for his sake. I wonder, if he were Gatty Bell's husband, if I might love him?'

"I could hardly speak; but I said, 'Yes, Cherry, you *shall* love him, and he shall love you too.'

"'Ah! but then I cannot love him as I do now,' said she; 'else it would be a sin. And if he *would* love me, Gatty would not let him. I could be content with any share of his heart, for it is more than I ever deserved; but I am afraid she knows the value of it too well to suffer me to share it with her.'

"'You can always love and caress him as a brother,' said I; 'and he will love you as a sister, far more dearly than it is possible for him ever to do as his wife, circumstanced as he now is.'

"'Well, well!' said he; and then the tears burst from her eyes in torrents, although her tongue scarcely faltered as she spoke. 'Well, well! My resolution is taken. I do not know if she, or any one, would do as much for me.'

"I put my arm about her neck and tried to sooth her, by telling her, that she should have a fortune settled on her that should render her independent. But she cut me short, by saying, that any fortune that would have the effect of making her independent of *him* would only add to her misery; and that she would spurn it. Then she interrupted herself, 'Ah! but I had forgot, he must forgive me the sum that I lifted from the king's banker in his name, for I am so poor I cannot repay it.'

"'My dear ingenuous girl,' I replied, 'take no thought about such a trifle; for I promise you on my honour, that you shall have liberty to draw on the king's banker as long as you live; and that for any sum that you may either require for yourself, your mother, or little brothers.'

"'That will indeed be a great matter, on their account,' said she, 'for I told them I was going to be a great lady, and would provide for them all; but disappointments never come single-handed.'

"At that moment, who should come in but my son himself, all unconscious of what had been going on? My blood ran cold to think of the scene that was likely to take place; and in what way the painful subject would be introduced between them. But Cherry soon put an end to my perplexity on that score. The little elf is absolutely a heroine. There is something in the constitution of her mind capable of being raised to a height that would render her one of the first order of mortal beings. She rose at his approach, as she always does, and extending her hand to him with a smile of the utmost benevolence and good nature, said to him, 'Ah! Mr. M'Ion, I am so glad that you are come just now, for I have a request to make of you. You are to buy me a yellow gown with green trimmings, and green and yellow ribbons for my hair. These are the true colours for forsaken damsels, you know, Mr. M'Ion; and you are to pull me a sprig of the weeping willow, too, to twine with these ribbons. I'll not have a green leafy sprig, but one of the early yellow buds that hang down their heads, and nod and fade so soon. They are likest myself. Now, will you promise to get all these for me, Mr. M'Ion?'

"'Certainly I will, my love,' said he, 'once you *are* forsaken. But who could have the heart to forsake so much sweetness and innocence?' With that he drew her to his side as he sat down, thinking she was toying with him; for she said it all with so much ease of manner that he had no suspicions of the trial to which she alluded.

"'You once told me,' rejoined she, looking in his face with the most perfect serenity, 'that you had loved another better than me; but you did not tell me that you *still* loved another better, and had rued your promise to me.' His colour changed as she said these words, and he appeared in the utmost distress. 'It would have been cruel to have informed you of this, my loved Cherry,' said he, 'and yet you must have come to the knowledge of it all too soon, if not also too late. I have, indeed, rendered myself wretched; but my sentiments of love and esteem for you are, and ever shall be, the same; and, as for my promise to you, that shall remain inviolate till the day of my death.'

"'So you neither have rued on me, nor broken your word to me?' said she, with the same resolute equanimity. 'But, hark, and I'll tell you a piece of strange news. I have both rued my promise to you, and broken it. Nay, you are not to look so distressed, for I cannot stand that. I know the whole case; and think you I do not study the happiness of some others more than my own?' As she said these words she drew the Bible to her, merely as if she had done so mechanically, without knowing what she did, and opening it somewhere about the writings of the evangelists, she continued speaking; for she seemed afraid that he should begin before her purpose was fully made manifest. 'See! Do you see this holy book in my hand?' continued she. 'Before Him, and by Him, who dictated the words of this good book, with my hand upon its most sacred page, I swear never to give you my hand in wedlock as long as Agatha Bell is living: and all the world shall not make me break this oath.' We both sat still in utter consternation at the heroism of this simple child of nature, without saying a single word. 'Come now, give me your hand as a friend,' continued she, 'as a betrothed lover no more. That is over. And give me a kiss into the bargain; it shall be the last I shall ever ask *but one*.'

"Never did I behold any thing so transcendant as the whole demeanour of that extraordinary girl on this trying occasion; and, by the way in which my son took her in his arms and embraced her, I could easily perceive that he was about to follow her example, by also entering into some rash vow. Therefore, I diverted it by taking Cherry in my arms, and embracing her in my turn; commending her for the sacrifice she had made of riches and honours for the happiness of others; and forthwith proposed, that my son, having no sisters of his own, should adopt her as a beloved sister, and protect and cherish her for life as his second self, 'For, Diarmid,' said I, addressing him, 'you are not yet aware of the sacrifice she has made.'

"'I would sacrifice a thousand times more for his peace and comfort,' said she, 'were that possible, but it is now out of my power. I first gave up myself for what I conceived to be his happiness; but now for the same object I have given him up; and, compared with that sacrifice, riches, honours, and the whole world, are to me as nothing.'

"Thus ended the most affecting scene I ever witnessed between two lovers, and I am still uncertain how matters will bear through. She watches him with her eye the same as ever, but her looks seem to be altered. Yet she talks decidedly of accompanying him to Bellsburnfoot, and seeing her dear friends, since they will not come to see her, and of being her cousin's best maid. So I think, if matters take no other turn, we shall be with you in a day or two. Forgive this large packet which has cost me near a night and a day in inditing.—I could not give it up; and while it was fresh in my mind I thought it proper to let you know what we all owe to little Cherry, should our future prospects turn out according to our hopes. I remain

"Your ever grateful

"AGNES M'———."

M'Ion and Gatty are now married, but instead of joy, which should light up a true love match, "shadows, clouds, and darkness," rest on "Bellsburnfoot." Cherry has made a sacrifice which is consuming her, and Gatty, M'Ion and his mother feel they have destroyed this lovely rose. The death of this bewitching fair, and the trance of her cousin, are perfections of their kind. No hand could have with greater mastery touched such scenes. We shall now visit the sick chamber, and let the actors speak for themselves.

"Nay, sweet Cherry, never think of hastening your departure a day on account of my information, which has no other aim but your peace and honour. But I cannot help seeing, nor can I prevent the world from seeing and blabbing it again—nor can I prevent my daughter from seeing that the attentions of her husband, which a young wife expects should be her own, are all lavished on you. I assure you it has caused a great sensation in this family, and all over the country; and your own good sense, and genuine honourable disposition, will at once point out to you the only path that it is prudent in you to pursue."

"Say no more, dear aunt, I pray you say no more; you have said quite sufficient for me, and perhaps rather too much already. One thing only I crave to know—Does my cousin wish me away?"

"Why, child, she would be loath to say so, and sorry to consent to it. But must I say the truth?—Every one may judge of her feelings by considering what her own would be in such a case."

"Thank you, kind aunt, it is enough. And so my dear cousin wishes me away? Well, I have suffered something for her; but such things, I suppose, are expected from poor relations. Ah! but my Gatty would not wish her Cherry away, if she but *knew* what I have suffered for her happiness. But she will know—she will know before she die yet.—Well, dear aunt, you may give my kind love to my cousin, and tell her that I am very soon going to leave her now. I thought to have remained with her and her husband, and with you, dear aunt, and my kind indulgent uncle, for a little while—a week or two, perhaps, or a few days at the least; but now I shall take my leave of you very soon indeed, and may God forgive you all, as I hope to be forgiven at the last; and may you all be happy with one another, when my insignificant and presuming face appears no more among you!—I hear Mrs. Johnson coming. Adieu, dear aunt, you have gained your point; but give me your hand, and embrace me before you go away."

Mrs. Bell gave her hand, saying, "That I will, my prudent and sensible little girl; and then stooping down she saluted her cheek.—But Cherry easily perceived that it was not only a cold and formal embrace, but a compelled one; and then the excellent dame went out of the room sailing in stately majesty, at one time carrying her head very high, and at another glancing at her feet with great complacency, having, as she deemed, accomplished a master-stroke of policy. When she joined the rest of the family in the breakfasting room, the satisfaction that beamed from her benign countenance was apparent to them all; and as soon as M'Ion withdrew, she could not contain the relation of her success longer. From her husband she expected a bold countercheck, and was not mistaken; but expecting a thankful acquiescence from her daughter, she found she had overshot the mark, and that Gatty was very much hurt at her mother's interference. Then the good dame went on with arguments in justification of what she had done, till she sent Daniel out to the fields with his hands in his vest pockets, and her daughter up stairs in tears.

When Mrs. Johnson entered Cherry's room, she turned her face to the wall, and the nurse thinking that she wanted repose, fell a reading in the Bible, and continued without speaking for the space of an hour; but hearing her from time to time fetching deep sighs, she at length inquired how she did, and if she felt herself any worse?

"O no, I am a great deal better," said she. "But I have been thinking about preparing for my journey."

"It will, indeed, be a romantic and delightful journey," said Mrs. Johnson, "by the braes of Athol, the glens of Lorn, and the wild Hebrides."

"It is not that journey I mean," said Cherry, "but the journey to my father's house."

Mrs. Johnson gazed for a moment in silence, and felt as if an arrow of ice had pierced her heart. "Will you sit up and take a little of this cordial that your own doctor has composed for you, my dear?" said she. "You have been asleep, and your senses seem to be wavering."

"Not at all," returned she. "I have all my senses at my command. But it is true, if it were any matter, that I am proscribed from that delightful Highland journey. My aunt wants to send me off without delay to my mother's house; but I say she is wrong, it is my *Father's* house that she is sending me to."

"Take a little of this cordial, my dear Cherry. Your voice is altered; it is vapours that affect you."

"I tell you not at all," said she, turning round her face and smiling languidly. "Do you not see that I am perfectly collected? You think I am dreaming, and that nobody is sending me away? well, let that rest. Perhaps so I was. But do you not think, on the whole, there is a good deal of ingratitude in this world?"

"Too much, without doubt."

"It is a pity, too, for it is a beautiful world, and a great deal of goodness in it. What time of the day is it?"

"It is I suppose about noon. Do you wish to rise?"

"Yes when the sun is in middle of the arch of heaven, I want to have one look at the sky, and another at this goodly world. It seems a bright day, and yet a tempestuous wind; it is a day of all others that I like to contemplate.—I'll not have that frock to-day, bring me the one I wore on the seventh of July—the white one trimmed with pink—I'll wear it to-day, for the sake of something that passed between another and me that day—and I'll have my hair trimmed and shaded in the same manner, too; for this day is the winding up of the trivial scene that was that day begun."

"Let me do all these little things for you, dearest Cherry, for your hand is trembling, and you are in unwonted agitation to-day. Now, shall I sit with you a while at the window?"

"If you please. What a bright, and yet what a tempestuous day! It is, indeed, an auspicious day for setting out on a journey! How easily a bird might scale these stories of the heavens on such a day, taking the direction of yon bright marbled cloud, that slumbers in perfect stillness above the flying ones! Ah, my dear friend, do but look how these little dark specks are chasing one another up that steep hill—with what amazing swiftness they are speeding on their course! Will an unbodied soul climb the steeps of the firmament with as much ease and velocity, think you, as these little flying shadows?"

"With as much ease, and with ten times more speed, will a happy spirit wing its way to the abodes of bliss."

"What is a soul, Mrs. Johnson? or how does it journey? Has it wings of air, or of down? or does it swim the air as a fish does the sea?—I cannot tell what a soul is."

"Nor can any one, my dearest girl; and if I could define it, your mind is not in a capacity to listen; for I perceive it is roaming wild as the tempest, and frilling with impatience over some ideal separation."

"Tell me this of the soul—can it go and come at pleasure? watch over a beloved object and walk with him? sit by his side—hear his sighs—see his looks—listen to his words, and perhaps lie in his bosom?"

"I often fondly believe all these."

"So do I! so do I! I believe them too, and will believe them—wherefore should I not? Come, shall we go?"

"Whither, my dear? whither are you going? You cannot go abroad to-day; indeed, believe me, you cannot. Let me put you to bed; for though I never saw you look so lovely, your countenance has undergone a strange alteration. I say, listen to me; you cannot go abroad to-day."

"Ah! I had forgot! I have to change my raiment before I go.—Come, let us set about it; come, come."

Mrs. Johnson rung the bell violently, and ordering the servant to tell her son to come to her, she took hold of Cherry, and half carrying, half leading her, placed her on a couch; for her looks and motions had become so wild and irregular, she knew not what she meditated, and therefore she sat down with her arms around her.—M'Ion had gone out, but Gatty attended, the tears scarcely dry on her cheek that she had shed on account of what her mother had said to Cherry and herself; for the insinuation fell on her with a double pang. When she came in, Cherry held out her hand, and addressed her in a faint and tremulous voice. "Ah! are you indeed come to see me, and take farewell of me before I set out?"

Gatty gave her her hand in amazement, without speaking. "It is very kind of you, but it was not so to wish your poor cousin away, was it?"

"It shall be the last wish of my heart but one, Cherry, to part with you."

"Is that true? then I have been deceived. But what a weight that word has taken from my heart, which can bear any thing but unkindness. I wish this assurance may not make me defer my journey yet. But I hope not—I hope not. Cousin, I am strangely given to speaking to-day, and Mrs. Johnson will have it that I am raving, though I can scarcely give her credit for it. But do you remember of a dream that I once told you?"

"Perfectly well—every circumstance of it. It has never for one day been absent from my memory."

"Well, that is amazing; it has never once been in my head from that day to this. But I witnessed some scenes in the heavens and the earth to-day, that were all in my dream; and every part of it recurred to my memory as fresh as at the moment I saw it. Well, there are strange things in this world, and communications that I cannot comprehend—I wish I could! But do you not see, cousin, how that dream is wearing to its fulfilment?"

"I hope it will never wear to its final fulfilment. But in some respects it may be said to have done so already. Of all things I have ever known, that dream has appeared to me the most remarkable."

"It is so—it is so. When I think of it it is wonderful. But you do not know all. The very hills, and clouds, and shadows.—I have nothing to rest my head on here—that day and this are the same—And now I feel I am going to dream it over again."

She articulated these broken sentences in a voice so feeble, that at last it became inaudible, and died away; and leaning back on the couch, with her head on Mrs. Johnson's arms, she fell into a slumber so soft and still, that it almost appeared like the sleep of death. The head was thrown back, with the face turned towards Mrs. Johnson's cheek, and yet the breathing was so soft she could not feel it. Neither of the two attendants were in any alarm. They had remarked that her spirits had been in a tumult, and had hopes that this calm sleep would restore them to their wonted sweetness of motion.

It was during this period of calm relaxation that M'Ion entered.—He had been ruminating in the garden, when the servant came hastily and delivered his mother's message; and knowing that she was in attendance in Cherry's room, he went straight thither. The alarm that he testified on viewing the condition of the sweet slumberer, appeared to them both matter of surprise. To his lady, in particular, it seemed unaccountably mistimed; and she could not help smiling at his perturbation. He held a downy feather to her lips—her breath moved its fibres, but could not heave it from its place. He felt her pulse long and gently, keeping a stedfast eye on her face, and ever and anon his heart throbbed as it would have mounted from its place.

"What do you mean, Diarmid?" whispered Gatty, in some alarm, "It is nothing but a sleep, and as peaceful a one as I ever beheld."

"Yes, my love, I know it is a sleep; but I pray you retire, and do it softly, for there is more depends upon her awakening out of such a sleep, than you are aware of."

"If there is any danger whatever, I will wait with my cousin and you. Why should I leave her?"

He then took his mother's place with great caution, desiring her to go with all expedition, and compound some cordial that he named; he also motioned to Gatty to go with her, but she lingered beside him, curious to see the issue of that slumber that so much discomposed her husband. He had his left arm under the pale slumberer's head, and with his right-hand he held her arm, apparently counting, with the utmost anxiety, every movement of the pulse, and having his eye still fixed on her mild relaxed features. Gatty sat down at a distance, folded her arms, and watched in silence. Mrs. Johnson came into the room on tip-toe with the cordial; but M'Ion saw neither, his eager eyes were fixed on one object alone. While in that interesting attitude, one of those which a painter would choose, Cherry at once opened her serene blue eyes, and fixed them with a steady but hesitating gaze on the face of him she loved above all the world. She awaked, as it were, mechanically, without so much as a sigh, in the same way that a flame or spark, which seems quite extinct, will at once glimmer up with a radiance so bright, as to astonish the beholders. His face was all sadness and despair, but hers instantly beamed with a smile of joy. "Am I here already?" said she. "What a blessed and happy state this is, and how easily I have attained it!"

With that she started—looked at her clothes—at his—at all their faces with a hasty glance, and then added, "Already! No, I should have said, I am here *yet?* It is well, though—it is well. Ah! how fortunate it is, for if I had gone away without this interview, I should have been compelled to return." Then stretching out her hand, on one of the fingers of which there was a ruby ring, that he had put on that day he pledged her his troth—she pointed to it, and said, "See, do you know this?" He could not answer her, for his bosom was bursting with anguish. "And these simple robes—do you know these?"—Why, you cannot answer me; but I know you do. Now, do you remember that on that day I returned you your faith and troth, and released you from your rash pledge of honour, that I said, I should never ask another kiss of you *but one?* I crave it now."

"This is more than human heart can support," exclaimed he; and taking her on his bosom, he impressed a long and burning kiss on her lips, as they coloured with a momentary hue of the beryl, in the soul's last embrace with the heart.

"Now, with that kind kiss, have you loosed my bond with mortality—Do you love me still?"

"The Almighty knows how I love you, dear, dear, and dying sufferer!" cried he, through an agony of sobs and tears.

"Then my last feeling of mortal life is the sweetest," said she; and laying her head on his bosom, she breathed a few low inarticulate sounds as of prayer, and again sunk asleep to awaken no more.

"What does all this mean?" cried Gatty, starting to her feet, and

holding up her hands in amazement. "Diarmid! Husband! I say, tell me the meaning of this?"

"Be composed, my love! Be composed! The meaning is but too obvious. There fled the sweetest soul that ever held intercourse with humanity."

"Fled! How fled? She only slumbers, husband. She will awake. She will awake. Tell me, Diarmid—tell me, Mrs. Johnson, will not my cousin awake?"

"Yes, my dear child, she will awake," said Mrs. Johnson, leading Gatty to a seat, and soothing her. M'Ion scarcely heeded them; but he answered the question involuntarily, still holding the body in his arms. "Yes, she will awake, but not till the great day of retribution, when I shall stand accountable for her early doom.—Yes, dear departed maid! I have indeed been thy destroyer.—We are all guilty! We are all guilty—art and part in thy death; but none of us knew the delicacy of the flower with which we were toying, till it was too late. My kind—my innocent—my guiltless Cherubina!—My earthly happiness shall be buried in thy early grave."

MILITARY OBITUARY.

Generals—Nisbett Balfour, 39th Foot, 16th October, 1823; Earl of Bridgewater, 14th Dragoons, Ashridge Park, 21st do.; Sir C. Hastings, Bart. G. C. H. 12th Foot, Willesley Hall, Atherton, 30th September; Dussaux.

Lieut. General—Willington, Royal Artillery, Woolwich, 16th October, 1823.

Major General—Kelso, 1st Royal Veteran Battalian, Bungay, 13th October, 1823.

Colonels—Wright, late of Royal Artillery, Edinburgh, 2d October, 1823; R. Doveton, East India Company's Service, London, 10th March.

Lieut. Colonels—Andrews, 60th Foot, Kingston, Upper Canada, 24th August, 1823; Lavicourt, half-pay, 27th Foot, Montreal, 26th June; Ogle, East India Company's Service, Dijon, 24th January; Lumsden, do. London, 10th April.

Majors—Lynch, half-pay, 27th Foot, Ballinrobe, 1st June, 1823; Macleod, East India Company's Service, London, 27th March; Burke, do. Ireland, 30th May.

Captains—Lane, 69th Foot, Wallajabad, Madras, 10th May, 1823; Murray, Invalids; Covell, late 3d Veteran Battalion, 19th August; Bulstrode, late 5th do. 6th October; Brasbridge, half-pay, 57th Foot, Naples, 13th September; Maxwell, half-pay, 31st Foot, Jersey, 30th do.; Von Konig, half-pay, 60th Foot.

Lieutenants—Vesey, 29th Foot, Limerick, 23d September, 1823; Kennedy, 30th Foot, Canton, East Indies, 13th October, 1822; Major, 41st Foot, Fort St. George, Madras, 2d March, 1823; Johnson, 41st Foot, Madras, 30th May; Drewry, late 1st Veteran Battalion, Lane End, Staffordshire, 18th September; Slater, late Cape Garrison Company, Cape of Good Hope, 26th July, 1822; Jones, half-pay, 104th Foot, Belturbet, Ireland, 12th October, 1823; Bagnett, half-day, 4th Ceylon Regiment, 26th September, 1821; Cordner, half-pay, Waller's Corps, Lisburn, Ireland, 16th August, 1823; Rosenthel, half-pay, York Light Infantry Volunteers, Hamburgh, 9th do.

Second Lieutenants—Robertson, half-pay, 4th Ceylon Regiment, Anstruther, 18th September, 1823.

NOTE FROM COUNT NESSELRODE, SECRETARY OF STATE TO HIS MAJESTY OF ALL THE RUSSIAS, TO LORD STRANGFORD, AMBASSADOR FROM GREAT BRITAIN TO TURKEY, DATED ST. PETERSBURGH, MAY (7) 19, 1823.

"*My Lord*—The letter which your Excellency addressed to me, dated the 28th of February, as well as the Note annexed thereto from the Reis-Effendi, have been in my possession for some few days. These documents I submitted without loss of time to the consideration of the Emperor. To you, my Lord, his Majesty has charged me to convey the assurance, that he duly appreciates the first result of your efforts. His sentiments are not unknown to you, and you are not ignorant that peace will be always the object of his most anxious wishes. The present communication from the Reis-Effendi bears an amicable character, and proves that the Porte is desirous of entering into friendly relations with Russia. In that view, therefore, the communication cannot be otherwise than satisfactory to his Majesty; in other respects too it possesses no ordinary importance. For the first time, the language of the Ottoman Minister breathes a spirit of reconciliation. The sentiments of the Emperor have been appreciated, and a pledge is given that existing treaties shall be fulfilled. Thus one of the formalities is observed.

"When I compare this letter of the Reis Effendi with some documents of an anterior date, which have emanated from the Cabinet of Constantinople; or referring to the minutes of conferences which took place before your departure for Verona, it is impossible not to see that the policy of the Divan has undergone an amelioration.—We readily recognise the progress which you have made, the confidence which you have inspired, and the Emperor receives with satisfaction the present events as a pledge of your ultimate success.

"The shadow of amelioration the Emperor has availed himself of. Of this your Excellency will be convinced by the enclosed answer, which I have transmitted to the Ottoman Minister by the Emperor's orders. Permit me, my Lord, to explain to you the true object of this reply, and to develop the motives of it.

"You cannot, surely, pretend to be ignorant of every thing that should make us wish for the letter of the Reis Effendi. You are too just and too enlightened not to feel this. Of the three conditions sent by the Emperor, towards the establishment of the diplomatic relations with the Porte, and which are also expressed in the Minutes of the Conferences at Verona, relative to the affairs of the East, only one has been fulfilled: and even that was a mere question of formality.

"It is true that the communication made by the Reis Effendi proves, that the Turks are accessible to the councils of reason and sound politics. But it must not be forgotten that the Turks when they stipulate for the future appointment of the Hospodars of the two principalities from among the Nobles of Moldavia and Wallachia, have introduced a change in the mode of governing those provinces.

"Meanwhile Russia cannot, in virtue of treaties, remain a stranger to any of the measures relative to the administrative organization of Moldavia and Wallachia. In order to render a change of this kind legal, a communication respecting it should be made to Russia, and her confirmation formally obtained. The communication in question is no sacrifice on the part of the Divan, whose proper interest it is to make the most of those means for obtaining a consent which is necessary to it; and the Emperor would only exercise an incontestible right, if, previously to his giving any opinion respecting this change, he adopted measures for ascertaining in what respect this innovation would be advantageous to the country in which it is introduced. But as the Emperor wishes to receive every subject of discussion, he appreciates the difficult position in which the Porte is placed in regard to the appointment of Hospodars. Therefore the Emperor is ready to admit the new principle according to which their nomination has taken place. He has even authorised you to signify this to the Turkish Government, if you have found, in the course of your negotiations, that its conduct was such as to justify such a condescension.

"I shall not here enter into the system of the Porte, which wished to connect with the existing questions an object that has formerly been treated of.* Russia will never admit that any connection of this kind exists. Of this your Excellency is convinced; and the success of your proceedings, in making the Porte change its language, gives ground to hope that you will also succeed in making it exclude this pretension from its ulterior communications, as well as persuading it that it commits an essential fault in thus confounding two objects of discussion that are entirely distinct in their nature. But if exceptions so manifest did not encourage us immediately to re-establish our diplomatic relations with the Porte, other facts, still more important, should necessarily cause the Emperor to defer the resolutions he has already taken, and prevent him from prematurely following the impulse of his wishes.

"At the very moment when I received the letter of your Excellency—at the moment when the Porte gave his Imperial Majesty an assurance of the complete evacuation of the Principalities of Moldavia and Wallachia, and of its respect for the Convention by which the prerogatives of those Provinces have been settled and consecrated—at that moment, a Turkish Commandant committed within the city of Bucharest, an act as injurious to the unfortunate inhabitants of the two provinces, as it was contrary to the most solemn stipulations, and the most recent promises. A Boyar, who had just returned to his country, was suddenly arrested and taken away by an order from the Pacha of Sidistria, without previous inquiry—without trial—against the laws of the country, and the fate of the unfortunate person is still unknown. We did not know M. Villera (that was the name of the Boyar); we cannot even say that we expressly stipulated for his return to Wallachia, or for his safety; but your Excellency is too well acquainted with the manner of thinking of his Imperial Majesty, to doubt the impression which the measure adopted against M. Villera must have made upon that Monarch.

"If that Boyar is innocent, as we must suppose he is until the contrary is proved, the conduct of the Pacha appears, in the eyes of the Emperor, a manifest violation of all the privileges enjoyed by the Principalities. If he be guilty, the carrying him away is no less a violation of the Conventions, which insure to the Moldavians and Wallachians the right of being tried by their own tribunals. Besides, Villera had a right to partake of the benefits of the general amnesty proclaimed by the Turkish Government, or it will never be possible to put faith in the promises of the Government.

"You ought to know already, my Lord, the point of view in which the Court of Austria has considered this deplorable act of violence, as well as the demand of a just satisfaction which the Internuncio had orders to make from the Porte. It belongs not to Russia, in the present state of its discussions with the Divan, to repeat these demands; but I leave to the judgment of your Excellency to decide, if, whilst the Ottoman Minister, declines to take, with regard to Villera, the measures pointed out by Prince Metternich, in his despatch to Baron Ottenfels, dated the 20th of April, the return of our agents into the Principalities can take place. Is it that a Russian agent could tolerate such violences, or be simply a spectator of them?

"I now pass to another circumstance which has excited in a lively manner the attention of the Emperor. A few days after the receipt of your letter, there was despatched to me from Odessa the new Firman for the Turkish Commercial marine, containing such regulations as it became necessary for the ships and merchants of the nations of Europe to be governed by in all the ports of the Levant.—To convey to you, my Lord, a just idea of the consequences with which this decree threatened the commerce of the Black Sea, I have only to refer you to the following observations which were made in the margin of the Firman, and which show, in the most evident manner, that the regulations in question would plunge that trade into a complete inaction

"The Firman grants to the full extent the privilege of this commerce to the Turkish flag only, whereas at this day there is no longer a Turkish Navy. It deprives European ships of the facility of interchanging their cargoes in the ports of the Levant, it subjects them to charges and difficulties unknown before, and finally shuts up the passage of the Bosphorus to Spanish, Portuguese, Neapolitan, Danish, and Sardinian vessels.

"I pray you now, my Lord, to consider that vessels under the Russian flag themselves are every day exposed to be visited and detained, and under such circumstances you must admit that Russia could never consent to these measures. *For two years the Emperor has been making sacrifices for the general good*, but he cannot continue to look on, whilst, for the price of his forbearance, new innovations threaten to eternize the sufferings of its commerce, and to inflict wrongs so injurious to the welfare of its people.

"These, then, were the motives which at Vienna and Verona engaged us to declarations so explicit with respect to commercial relations. An arrangement, such as was formerly proposed, wherein the liberty of passage for the merchant vessels of all the European Powers will be recognized, is the only measure which experience permits us to propose, it forms an alternative from which we cannot depart.

"There are still two other points upon which we cannot look with indifference. Although the Porte assures us that it has long since ordered its troops to withdraw from the two principalities, *it is nevertheless a fact that the evacuation of the Principalities has not been yet completed, and that the Pachas of Giurgerro, of Silistria, and Ibrail, still command at Jassy and Bucharest.* No person knows better than you, my Lord, that there is at this time no extraordinary event, no pressing occasion, to render the prolonged sojourn of the Turkish troops in Wallachia and Moldavia—that their presence must necessarily produce reaction and disorder—that it is in contravention of existing treaties, and that the preponderance would not be long doubtful between the Hospodars placed solely at the head of the Civil Administration and the Pachas commanding the military force. I abstain from all further remark on such a state of things. Your Excellency is aware of it, and fully sensible of what consequence it is that it should cease.†

"In fine, my Lord, the Protocol of Verona, which explains the conditions upon which the Emperor of Russia accedes to the re-establishment of diplomatic relations with the Ottoman Government, determines also an alternative with regard *to the affairs of Greece.*

"We respect the motives which have prevailed with you to withhold from the Divan this part of the demands of his Imperial Majesty, but *nevertheless they do not appear less essential in the eyes of the Emperor.*

"Humanity itself dictates her demands; existing treaties sanction them, since they recognise in his Imperial Majesty a right of protection in favour of the Greek religion throughout the whole of the Turkish Empire. The last instructions which your Excellency has received from the Cabinet of his Britannic Majesty,* leave us no doubt as to the *means* which are at your disposal, my Lord, to attain the object of our wishes. These are the reasons why a clear explanation with the Porte appeared more natural, and we consider it from the beginning as an indispensable condition, preliminary to a complete and total reconciliation.

"I have not made mention, either in my letter to the Reis-Effendi or in that which I had the honour to address to you, of the Note in which the Turkish Minister communicate to the Allied Powers the contents of the letter which he addressed to me. The ordinary rule of the Emperor's conduct will be easily recognised in the silence which his Imperial Majesty maintains towards the Divan on the subject of the said Note, so little satisfactory in itself, and which is perfectly consistent with its aim.

"But an authentic act of so much importance could not fail to attract the most especial attention of his Majesty, and to fix the course which Russia would observe with regard to the Porte. The more the Emperor desired peace, the more it was incumbent upon him to follow the measures by which peace could be obtained: doubtless it would have been agreeable to his Majesty to concur in the advice of your Excellency, and to send a Charge d'Affairs to Constantinople; but his Majesty was above all bound to take into consideration the position in which his Agent would have found himself, when he should have entered the Turkish capital.

"If he had kept silence respecting the ceremonial above alluded to, and, especially, respecting what concerns the Principalities, commercial affairs, those of Greece, and the whole past and present conduct of the Turkish Minister, it would have had the air of neglecting the rights and interests of Russia; but had he protested against the conduct towards Villera, against the useless presence of the Turkish troops in the Principalities, and against the Firman relative to navigation, he would then have exposed himself to the danger of occasioning, in a few days, a calamitous rupture.

"The resolutions which his Majesty has come to, have had for its object to avoid both these dangers, and are of a nature to make known the portion of the Porte's document which is satisfactory. These resolutions, which are entirely conformable to the views of his Allies, present to your Excellency the most powerful motives for opening negotiations, seeing that you find yourself enabled to convince the Turkish Government how pacific the disposition of Russia is, and to assure the Porte that, when it will act with frankness, and when its actions are in consonance with its declaration, the diplomatic relations between the two Empires will receive a happy issue.

"The Emperor is pleased to think that the observations contained in this letter will enable you, my Lord, to enter upon this important affair. It is worthy of you; it interests Europe, and will obtain for you the honour of having rendered a signal service to all the Powers which are the friends of peace.

"I have the honour to be, &c.

(Signed) "DE NESSELRODE."

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* This probably alludes to the restitution of the fortresses of Asia.—*Note of the Editor of the Courier Français.*

† We may be permitted to remind the reader of the numerous details which we have given of the dreadful state of Moldavia and Wallachia, our constant difference with the *Turcoman* Journals on this point, and our various proposals to put an end to this state of things, by the formation of a State equally independent of Turkey, Russia, and Austria, in those fine countries of the Lower Danube. This State would serve as a neutral point between these three Empires, and opening the Danube to commerce, would promote in a very signal manner the civilization of that part of Eastern Europe. —*Note of the Editor of the Journal des Debats.*

* This explains the news which we published six weeks ago, of a remarkable change in the policy of the English Cabinet, with regard to Greece. Unfortunately, the subsequent period gives us reason to suspect that on this point, as on some others, the policy of the English Cabinet is neither firm enough nor frank enough.—*Note of the Editor of the Journal des Debats.*

☞ Exchange at New-York on London 8 per cent.

THE ALBION.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1823.

By the Packet Ship *London*, from LONDON, papers have been received to the 10th ult.

The extracts which we have given below chiefly bear on the much agitated question of SOUTH AMERICA. If the COURIER may be considered the organ of Government, the determination of Minister, is pretty obvious, and which is doubtless as acceptable to the great body of the ENGLISH, as it is gratifying to the AMERICAN people. We should most unhesitatingly resist any interference in the affairs of these States, at the meeting of the allied Congress, except for the purpose of acknowledging their independence, or declaring neutrality in any future efforts which SPAIN may make for their resubjugation. Great Britain, however, does not seem to apprehend any thing like immediate hostilities, for the two or three regiments embarking on board the Ganges and Genoa are merely necessary to preserve tranquillity among the negroes in the WEST INDIES. An effective squadron, however, probably of observation, will be sent to the Jamaica station.

It has been asserted, and the assertion has been reiterated by many respectable journals, that when Sir W. A'Court joined Ferdinand at Seville, after his release from Cadiz, that Sir William congratulated the Monarch on his restoration to liberty. This is a mistake, the British Minister could not have used this language without deviating from the rigid path of neutrality pursued by his Government, and which he had so often been instructed to pursue. Sir William, as the ordinary rules of politeness, apart from court etiquette, would dictate, may have congratulated the King that circumstances permitted him to renew his intercourse, with his Majesty.

Captain James Hague and Lieutenant Hartley, of the British army, arrived in the London.

During the late gales on the British coast, no less than 150 vessels were driven on shore on either side of the channel—among them the Paris Havre Packet of New-York; brig Liddell, of Quebec, but afterwards got off by cutting away her masts, &c. and reached Mo he's Bank. The Brunswick, from Quebec, has also received much damage.

The King of France is said to be dangerously ill.

The execution of the unfortunate RIEGO took place at Madrid on the 6th of November. He was hanged and quartered, and the quarters sent to different parts of the kingdom.

We are concerned to state, that RUFUS G. AMORY, Esq. of Boston, was robbed, on Wednesday night, on the Philadelphia road, by two three armed villains, who took from him nearly $500.

We hear incessantly of Subscriptions Balls, Sermons, &c. &c. for the nefit of the Greeks, in this and the neighbouring city of Philadelnia. No doubt a very large sum of money will be accumulated.—Gentlemen and ladies, who move in the first circles, are actively engaged.

RUSSIA AND TURKEY.

We have given in the preceding columns a note from Count NESSELRODE, the Russian Secretary of State, to Lord Strangford, British Minister at Constantinople, on the subject of the differences of those two powers which have been entrusted to his lordship's mediation, for the purpose of bringing those differences to a final adjustment. It will be recollected that at Verona, Russia delivered the propositions of her ultimatum to Lord Strangford, with discretionary powers to bring them before the Divan, and to act in the manner he thought most conducive to the final success of the negociation. In the progress of this affair, his lordship did not (doubtless from prudential motives,) judge it expedient to urge *all* the demands of Russia at once. He probably chose to bring them forward cautiously and deliberately, as best befitting the feeling and peculiar irascibility of the Ottoman Government. In the note we have just alluded to, and which our readers will perceive is highly complimentary to the British Minister, the following passage upon this point occurs :—

"We respect the motives which have prevailed with you to withhold from the Divan this part of the demands of his Imperial Majesty, *but nevertheless they do not appear less essential in the eyes of the Emperor.*"

We were, therefore, not a little surprised, to find in a late number of the National Gazette, the following remarks upon this subject :—

"Count Nesselrode, the Russian Secretary of State, in an official note to Lord Strangford, expresses his regret that his lordship had *suppressed* in his communications to the Porte certain demands of Russia in favour of the Greeks, which demands, he observes, humanity dictated, and existing treaties sanctioned. "The last instruction," adds Count Nesselrode, "which your excellency received from the cabinet of his Britannic Majesty, leaves no doubt as to the *means* which are at your disposal, my Lord, to attain the object of our wishes." On which passage the Paris *Journal des Debats* comments thus : "This explains the news which we published six weeks ago, of a remarkable change in the policy of the *English Cabinet* with regard to Greece. Unfortunately, the subsequent period gives us reason to suspect, that on this point as on some *others*, the policy of the English cabinet is neither firm enough nor frank enough." A very just suspicion, at least as to the point of *frankness*."

What those demands, so withheld by Lord Strangford are, does not appear. Whether they were stipulations in favor of the Greeks; requisitions which the Porte could not, or in its present temper would not accede to, is equally uncertain. They are, as the Courier remarks, and perhaps ever will remain, cabinet secrets. But we contend that the National Gazette, notwithstanding the opinion of the *Journal des Debats*, and the news it published "six weeks ago," is not bourne out by the language of the document itself with the construction it is pleased to put on it. Count Nesselrode informs Lord Strangford that he is charged by the Emperor to convey to him the assurance that "he duly appreciates the result of his Lordship's first efforts;" that he "readily recognises the progress his Lordship has made, and the confidence he has inspired," &c. &c. With these flattering observations, together with the tenor of the whole note, we cannot concede the right of substituting the word *suppressed* for *withheld*, or the accuracy of the deductions which follow it, more especially when the party complaining say, they *respect the motives* by which the demands in question were so withheld.

We confess ourselves unable to comprehend this sinister policy which Great Britain is charged with pursuing towards that unfortunate people, for whom public sympathy is as this moment so generously, nobly, and enthusiastically enkindled; those who are most vociferous afford us the least information, and as is usual, appear the least informed. Both in England and America we find the same papers, to-day filled with the darkest forebodings of the power, ambition, and dangerous attitude of Russia; and to-morrow impugning the conduct of the British Government because she does not lend a ready hand to destroy Turkey, the only barrier to the Imperial encroachments on the Mediterranean, where its presence and attitude would be indeed formidable. The true policy of Great Britain, as also that of Europe, is to prevent a rupture between Russia and Turkey; for should a war between those powers again take place, Russia would never sheathe the sword until her banners floated over the walls of Byzantium. The accession of Greece to her already unparalleled dominion would then follow as a matter of course. The calamitous consequences of such a catastrophe may be seen by a moment's perusal of the map of Europe. The safety of Europe then, we repeat, depends on the preservation of Turkey as a barrier to the encroachments of Russia on the Mediterranean. This opinion has long prevailed, and its soundness was never more apparent than at the present moment.

From the London Courier of Nov. 10.

It seems strange that any persons should view our sentiments upon the South American States as breathing either war or defiance. It is a policy upon which, we contend, other European powers have no right to interfere with us—nor do we pretend to interfere with them. They may or may not acknowledge and treat with those states; that is their business. But they cannot justly complain of our exercising the same privilege. And here, in order to clear away *in limine* the ground of some objections that have been urged, we must desire the public to bear this in mind—that it is not the case of an incipient insurrection of the colonies against the parent state—that it is not a struggle in which the power of one side is balanced by the other, and the issue doubtful—it is not a case in which a third party stepping in, turns the scale and decides the conflict in favor of the side to which it carries its weight. It bears no resemblance to the case of our American colonies, when France and Spain interfered: the conflict *is* decided—the issue *is* arrived—and Spain *is* not more divided by the seas from her ancient possessions, than she is by the difference of their respective institutions; nor has she more sovereignty over them than we had over France, though we continued to bear the empty title of her king. The question has been well put by one of our contemporaries—"As to independence, the question is at rest—the states *are* free—the acknowledgment by Spain is not worth a straw to England—all colonies are *de jure* sovereign states, the moment in which they achieve their independence, *de facto*. This, for the clearest of all reasons, because the foundation of their allegiance is their enjoyment of protection from the parent state. When the colonies cease to want protection, they are no longer bound to pay the price of it: and this is one of a class of cases in which power becomes the evidence of right.

This is what we wished to lay down *in limine*. The South American States are to all intents and purposes free and independent States, with which any other State may treat and negotiate, and form alliances, without any violation of treaty or good faith towards any other Power.

But it is said, Spain has not acknowledged their independence; and therefore 'you are guilty of an attack upon her sovereignty.' Indeed! Let us see the absurdity to which this position would lead. The South American States might have established, as they have, their independence—might have exercised all the acts of a sovereign and independent power—might have entered into commercial and political relations with other nations—Spain would not be able to take any step, to do any act, calculated to resume her former authority over the States, or to arrest for a moment the march and exercise of their independence—nay, might remain totally inactive and supine; yet, because she refused to acknowledge them as free States, we are to refuse all intercourse, all political relations with them whatever! Why, does not every one see the utter absurdity and childishness of such reasoning, if reasoning it can be called?

But we are told of a congress of European powers to settle the fate of the American colonies. We should like to see what sort of a preamble such a congress would draw up to their deliberations.—"Whereas a certain tract of country some thousands of miles distant from Europe, containing about 470,000 square leagues, and a population of seventeen millions, has determined that it will be governed by its own institutions, and will no longer continue in dependence (which they do not want, and which is injurious to their best interests) upon a nation containing 25,000 square leagues, and ten millions of inhabitants: We, the Powers of Europe, are assembled in Congress to devise the best means of putting an end to so unsatisfactory a situation of affairs, and of concluding some arrangement that shall be more congenial to the policy, &c. &c.!" Congress may deliberate and deliberate, pass protocol upon protocol, multiply conference upon conference, but what would the seventeen millions on the other side of the Atlantic say? Or what means would the Congress possess of enforcing their edicts? To frame resolutions which you have no means of executing, or, to use an old proverb, "*to show your teeth when you cannot bite*," is, in private concerns, not a very wise proceeding; but in public matters, in the intercourse between nations, not only idle, but positively dangerous. We think the continental powers will pause before they hold any such congress; but whether they do or not, we shall neither be a party to it, nor send a Minister to it. We shall leave the continental powers to act as *they* like, whilst we shall act as *we* think best for our own interests.—The American states *have* achieved their emancipation—achieved it by their own efforts, without foreign aid, foreign councils, or foreign encouragement. We, who, of all nations, could have rendered them the most powerful assistance, did not, through our government, express even a wish in their favor. They fought the fight, they gained the victory, without us. Their independence is established—the tide cannot be rolled back. The American states are free sovereign states, with which any nation is at liberty to treat, without affording any just grounds of offence or complaint to any other power.

We have sent Consuls and Commissioners; other powers may, and probably will, do the same. We call this step a *de facto* acknowledgment of the sovereignty of the American states—and we may expect farther, that a higher diplomatic character will either be sent out, or that some one of the Commissioners has, or will have, the power of taking upon himself that character, as soon as the different Consuls have made their reports upon the situation and feelings of the states to which they have been respectively sent.

In the Court of King's Bench, on the 8th inst. Mr. Denman, Counsel for the publishers of the Sunday Observer, tried for a libel on the King, moved for a rule to show cause why a new trial should not be held, on the ground that the law had not been correctly laid down by the Lord Chief Justice on the trial. The Court decided that the judges' opinions were correct and refused the motion.

The Duke of Brunswick made a public entry into Brunswick on the 29th of October. He was received in the most splendid and cordial manner. Mr. Wilmerding, the chief magistrate, presented him with the keys of the city.

It is said that the King of Spain has dismissed above 200 persons belonging to the Palace, because they had some Constitutional ideas which he would not tolerate.

The King of Spain, with the Royal Family, arrived at Aldea del Rio on the 29th of October.

The trial of Riego was the subject of important debates in the sitting at Madrid on the 27th ult. Riego, although he received permission to be present, did not attend. After the indictment had been read, it was decided that he should be specially judged as deputy of the Cortes, for having voted for transferring the King to Cadiz. His attorney contended that he could only be tried by a military commission—On the decision of this mode of trial, says the Traveller, now rests the fate of Riego. Tried by a special commission on the charge of having voted in the Sitting of the Cortes for removing the King to Cadiz, his condemnation may be viewed as certain. But if tried by a military commission, he can be held amenable only as an officer acting under a commission, granted by legitimate and competent authority.

The Brigadier Laguna, by order of his Catholic Majesty, took possession of the fortress of Badajos on the 29th of October.

All the Constitutional Chiefs in Estremedeira have made their submission, with the exception of the Empecinado.

The Duke d'Angouleme arrived at Madrid on the 1st of last month.

The convention for the occupation of Barcelona, Tarragona and Hostalrich was concluded at Sarria on the 1st ult. and ratified the next day by the Duke Corgliano and Gen. Mina. The French troops were to take possession of those places on the 4th.

The advices from Lisbon are to the 2d ult. but they do not furnish a syllable of news.

Advices had been received in London, via Bucharest, from Constantinople, to the 27th of September, which induced the belief that another revolution had broken out in the Turkish Capital.

Accounts from the frontiers of Italy to the 28th of October, say that the last letters from Greece state that the fleet of the Captain Pacha has arrived in the Dardanelles, and gone into the port of Constantinople. The movement of the Janissaries caused great alarm to the government.

PORTSMOUTH, Nov. 3.—The Cambridge, of 80 guns, is ordered for active service, with a crew of 700 men. It is conjectured she is intended for the South American station.

The Windsor Castle, of 80 guns, is also ordered on the war establishment, instead of the Genoa, whose crew has been turned over to the former vessel.

The 12th regiment has just embarked on board the Ganges, 80; and the Superb, 74, for foreign service. The Ganges was towed out of the harbour yesterday by the King's steam-vessel Comet. Orders for their sailing are expected this morning, in which case they will depart in the afternoon.

The Diamond and Undaunted frigates, at Chatham, are ready for Commission.

A party of 250 royal marines are ordered to embark in the Antelope, for Bermuda. A party of convicts, &c. are going out in this ship to be employed on the public works at Bermuda.

The Menai, of 28 guns, is fitting out to relieve the Athol, on the Halifax station.

From Bell's Weekly Messenger, Nov. 9.

The main point of present importance, as regards foreign politics, is the question of South America; and whether it sufficiently affects the immediate interests of England, so as to induce our Government to act decisively. Upon this head, we have no doubt whatever, that it is the purpose of our Ministry to remain at peace, unless the necessity for war shall be so urgent, as to make it imperative upon the prudence and honour of the country. We shall briefly state the measures which we believe will be pursued. The first of these will be, that England will not admit the discussion of the question in the Congress; that is to say, that her Minister will withdraw himself in the first instance, and will enter a solemn protest against any common measure. The ground of this protest will be, that any aid to Spain for this purpose, will not be warranted by the Law of Nations, but will be equivalent to a confederacy for disturbing the state of possession of a third Power; which Power, as to such confederates with Spain, is effectually, and in fact, independent. As regards Spain herself, the question may remain unsettled, and therefore, open to her own prudence, so long as any possible chance of recovering her provinces may exist, and so long as such a time has not passed over as to constitute a species of political prescription. As regards Spain, therefore, we do not dispute her right to attempt to recover American colonies in part, or in whole. But as respects third Powers, the Independence of these States is so strongly established *in fact*, and has been so long acted upon, that the question now is, whether the commercial interests of England, and of Europe generally, can allow a confederacy to put down a Power, which now exists *in fact*, and which notoriously possesses a sufficient degree of strength and establishment to exercise the functions of Independence. Suppose that France should renew her claims to the Island of Hayti, and construct a general confederacy of European Powers to assist in repossessing her. As regarded France itself, England would doubtless make no complaint. But would England be equally silent as against any confederate fleets employed in such an object? It will be urged that the question as to South America must proceed upon the same principle. The nearer and higher interests of Spain may justify any effort upon her part. But the confederates can have no such interest, and no such rights, as can prevail against the common interest of the civilized world to remain at peace, and against the right of Colonies, (as against third parties) to defend and maintain that independent establishment, which they have, *in fact*, accomplished. If this remonstrance shall fail of effect, the question then occurs—shall we go to war in aid of the South Americans? To this we answer—that there is a kind of middle state, between peace and war, to which, as we think, our Government would instantly resort. We think, in a word, that a strong naval expedition, defensive and precautionary in its name, should be immediately sent to South America, and that we should assist them in money to a very liberal extent. We think, moreover, that the Powers of Europe, and France in particular would scarcely venture their fleets in the face of such an armament on our part. We have no more to add at present upon this subject. On the one hand, we deprecate war, unless in a case of very extraordinary necessity. On the other, we should be sorry to see the principle of legitimacy, in its present extent, asserted by the confederated sovereigns in the new world. One thing, however, it is important to add—that, from the necessary extension of our naval service, we believe no further remission of taxes is to take place.

Mr. Waithman, of *Radical* notoriety, a linen draper in Fleet-street, is elected Lord Mayor of London for the ensuing year.

Another expedition to the Polar Seas is contemplated, and to be placed under the command of Capt. Parry, who will prosecute his enterprize by way of Behring's Straits.

It is denied in the latest London papers, that Miss Brown was on the point of being married. The New Times states, that so far from being confined by illness, Capt. Parry is in good health in the country, and that he and Miss B. have been seen together engaged in the most friendly conversation.

Theatre—New-York.

Third Night of Mr. COOPER'S Engagement.

THIS EVENING, (SATURDAY) DECEMBER 20, 1823,
Will be presented, the Petit Comedy in 1 Act, of the
PROMISSORY NOTE.

Mr. Markham,	Mr. Simpson.
Cecily,	Miss Johnson.

To which will be added, the Comedy of
RULE A WIFE, AND HAVE A WIFE.

Duke of Medina,	Mr. Woodhull.
Michael Perez,	Simpson.
Leon,	Cooper.
Margaretta,	Mrs. Stone.
Estifania,	Miss Johnson.
Old Woman,	Mr. Watkinson.

The Evening's Entertainments to conclude with the Melo Drama of the
WANDERING BOYS;
OR, THE CASTLE OF OLIVAL.

Count de Croissy,	Mr. Maywood.
Paul,	Miss Johnson.

*** Doors open at 1-2 past 5, and Performance to commence at 1-2 past 6 o'clock.
Box, 1 Dollar—Pit, 50 Cents—Gallery, 25 Cents.

MONDAY, will be the last night but three of Mr. COOPER'S Engagement.
TUESDAY—"EXCHANGE NO ROBBERY," Sam Swipes, Mr. Hilson, (being his first appearance in that character.) And "THE TWO GALLEY SLAVES."
The Public is respectfully informed, that in consequence of indisposition, the appearance of Mr. CONWAY is unavoidably postponed.
☞ The Melo Drama of "SWEDISH PATRIOTISM, OR THE SIGNAL FIRE," is in rehearsal, and will speedily be produced, with new Scenery, &c.

POETRY.

SOLITUDE.

Seek not for loneliness 'midst leaves and flowers,
But on the sands that void and voiceless lie,
Where not a shade reveals the passing hours,
And Time seems lost into Eternity!
And where—like wrecks upon a sullen sea,
Making the solitude more sad—we tread
O'er cities long lost from the things that be,
Where, towering like tall phantoms of the dead,
Haunting their desert tomb dim columns rest their head.

But when the stars look down through night's dull veil,
And o'er the Arab's slumber shed their beams—
As soft as Beauty's eye at Sorrow's tale,
Then is the desert peopled with his dreams—
With fairy scenes creative fancy teems;
He sees the blue-robed daughters of the skies
Wave on his spirit—where the crystal streams
Stray through cool shades, and every air that sighs
Wafts o'er immortal bowers the songs of Paradise!

STANZAS.

Thy bloom is gone! the deep blue light
That flashed from out that arching brow
More dimly shines,—beneath the blight
Of sickness fades thy beauty now.
And o'er what once was fair and bright,
The tears from sorrow's fountain flow.

Those eyes in thoughtful gaze reclined,
That cheek's pale hue, thy long dark hair,
Dishevell'd by the passing wind,
With more than speaking woe declare
How grief has chilled thy youthful mind,
How yields thy young hope to despair.

Yet Care has thrown such pleasing spells
In thy sad air—such power to move—
Each sympathizing tear that dwells
On my wet lash can fondly prove.
Each breathing sigh with pity swells,
'Till pity softens into love.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

ON THE SEVENTH OF JANUARY,

THE Fifth Class of the LITERATURE LOTTERY, will commence, and finish drawing in a few minutes.——50 Number Lottery—7 Ballots Drawn.

SCHEME.

1 Prize of	Dlls. 20,000	is	Dlls.	20,000
2 - - -	5,000	- - -		10,000
5 - - - -	1,000	- - - -		5,000
1 - - - - -	711	- - - -		711
7 - - - -	500	- - - -		3,500
19 - - - - -	100	- - - -		1,900
903 - - - - - -	14	- - - -		12,642
6321 - - - - - -	7	- - - -		44,247
7,259 Prizes / 12,341 Blanks	19,600 Tickets		Dls.	86,000

Whole Tickets, 7 Dlls.—Halves, 3 50—Quarters, 1 75—Eighths 88 cts.—For sale at

WAITE'S OFFICES,

No. 54 Maiden-Lane, and No. 209 Broadway, corner of Fulton-street, (next to St. Paul's Church.)

Where have been sold and paid, the three Highest Prizes ever divided into Halves, Quarters and Eighths, viz: No. 2914 a prize of 160,000 dollars; No. 4892 of 60,000; and No. 33,706 of 35,000; besides prizes of 40,000, 35,000, 25,000 20,000, 10,000, 5,000, 1,000, &c.

☞ Orders (post paid) enclosing the Cash for a package or a single Ticket, will meet with immediate attention. Dec. 20.

WINES, LIQUORS, &c.

THE Subscribers constantly keep on hand, Wines and Liquors of superior quality, viz.—Genuine old Madeira Wine, in bottles and in wood; Port Wine of the vintage of 1817, in do. and do; Claret Wine, in bottles; L. P. Teneriffe, Sherry and Malaga Wines; Cogniac Brandy, Holland Gin, Jamaica Rum and Irish Whiskey, very old; with a variety of rich double distilled Cordials; London and American Porter; English Gin and Cordial Bitters; Imperial, Gunpowder, Hyson, Young Hyson, Pouchong, Souchong and Hyson Skin Teas; bunch Muscatel Raisins; Currants; Figs; Prunes; Almonds; Madeira and Italian Citron; Nutmegs, Cloves, Mace, &c. Java and Green Coffee; fresh Sweet Oil in bottles and bottles; Capers; Olives; West India Peppers; London Mustard; Boston Chocolate; real Havana Segars of a superior quality; Castile Soap; basket Salt; Spermaciti Candles; winter and fall pressed Lamp Oil, with a general assortment of Groceries, all of which have been selected particularly for family use, and will be sold as cheap as at any store in this city.

You'll not forget our shining Blacking,
'Twill save your Boots and Shoes from cracking;
Which we just hint lest you should lose,
By our neglect your Boots and Shoes.

Dec. 20—1t LEE & THOMSON, No. 4 Courtlandt-street.

SITUATION WANTED.

A YOUNG MAN who has been brought up to the wholesale and retail Dry Good Business, and who is acquainted with purchasing and selling in that line, and with accounts and business generally, wishes a situation as Clerk or Salesman. Present employment being desirable, he would engage for a moderate compensation. Application made through the proprietor of this paper will be immediately attended to. Dec. 13.

STATISTICAL ACCOUNT OF UPPER CANADA,

With Gourlay's Introduction to Reform of Colonies—London, price 2 guineas, in 3 vols. 8vo, boards, with maps.

WM. A. COLMAN, corner of Broadway and Wall-street, has received a few copies of the above interesting work, by Robert Gourlay, Esq. which he offers at the low price of 6 dollars the set.

He also has on hand a choice collection of English publications, which he sells at the London prices, and many standard works, of the latest and best editions, much below those prices. Dec. 13—4t.

LONDON BOOKS, VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

PERTUSIER'S Promenades in and near Constantinople; Gourbillon's Travels in Sicily and to Mount Etna; Sommiere's Travels in Montenegro; Pouqueville's Travels in Northern Greece; Schoolcraft's Missouri, and Ray's Cochin-China; Kelsall's Classical Tour from Rome to Arpino—separately or in one vol. with 28 plates, price 5 dollars; Hallberg's Journey through the North of Europe; Friedlander's Travels through Italy; Monfalcone's Travels in Egypt; Parry's Voyage to the Arctic Ocean; Haufner's Travels through the Island of Ceylon; Monfalcone's Voyage to North America and West Indies—separately or in one vol. with 32 plates, price 5 dollars; Kotzebue's Voyage round the World, Part 1; Kotzebue's Voyage round the World, Part 2; Saussure's Travels in Scotland; Letters from Switzerland and France; Pedestrian Journey from Manchao to Canton, in China; Shipwreck of the Sophia, on the Western Coast of Africa—separately or in one vol. with 32 plates, price 5 dollars; Pouqueville's Travels in the South of Greece; The Adventures of Michailow in Tartary, and an Original Voyage to St. Petersburgh, in 1814; Cailliaud's Travels in the Oasis of Thebes; Simond's Travels in Switzerland; Professor Silliman's Tour to Quebec, in the Autumn of 1819; Dupin's Tour through Great Britain—separately or in one vol. with 28 plates, price 5 dollars; with numerous other Voyages and Travels, at the same prices, for sale by G. WILDER & JAS. M. CAMPBELL,

Dec. 13. 148 Broadway, New-York.

TO PRINTERS.

THE following fonts of TYPE, are for sale by GEO. F. HOPKINS, No. 48 Fine-street.——About 550 lbs. of Long Primer, a little worn. The font is very perfect and valuable.—About 210 lbs. of Brevier, London cast. The letter is very handsome, the font exceedingly perfect, and almost new.—About 240 lbs. Minion, an excellent font, and but little used.—About 50 lbs. Five Lines Pica, cast at the Philadelphia foundry, new, in box.

These fonts will be sold very reasonably for the cash. Nov. 15.

A JOURNAL of a Tour in France, Switzerland and Italy, in 1819, 1820, 1821, by Mary Ann Colston.

Ireland Exhibited to England, in a Political and Moral Survey of her Population, by A. Atkinson, Esq. of Dublin.

Royal Memoirs of the French Revolution, by the Duchess D'Angouleme.

Journal of a Tour in France, in 1816 and 1817, by Frances Jane Casey.

New Russia Journey from Riga to the Crishea by way of Kiev, by Mary Holderness.

Journal of a Voyage to the Northern Whale Fishery, by W. Scoresby, Jun. in the ship Baffin, of Liverpool.

Narrative of a Journey in Morea, by Sir W. Gell.

The Antiquities of Free Masonry, by George Oliver.

Letters to Lord Byron, on a Question of Poetical Criticism, by the Rev. William L. Bowles.

An Historical and Topographical Essay upon the Islands Corfu, Leucadia, Cephalonia, Ithica and Zante, by William Goodison, A. B.

Memoirs, including original Journals, Letters, Papers and Antiquarian Tracts of the late Charles Alfred Stoddard.

The Annual Register for 1822.

Joplin's Outlines of Political Economy.

Journal of a Hortucultural Tour.

Craig's Lectures on Drawing, Painting and Engraving, considered as branches of Elegant Education.

Two Years Residence in the Illinois Country, by John Wood.

Outlines of the Geology of England and Wales, illustrated by a coloured Map, by the Rev. D. Conybear.

Hawkins' collection of Anecdotes, Biographical Sketches and Memoirs.

Las Cases' Journal, part 7 and 8, being the conclusion of that work.

Oct. 18. For sale by W. B. GILLEY, No. 92 Broadway.

ANDROIDES.

OPEN every Evening for a short time, at the large Concert Room, No. 208 Broadway, (three doors from Fulton-street, lately held by Mr. Geib, as a Music Academy.) *Haddock's* Exhibition of ANDROIDES.

From the very liberal patronage Mr. Haddock received in this city (better than three years back) he is now induced to make a second attempt. The repute the Androides have obtained under Royal patronage and that of the Lords of the Admiralty in Great Britain, and late in the capital of the United States, will, he hopes, insure it equal attention in this city.

The different pieces are the *Spelling Figure*, the *Fruitery*, the *Liquor Merchant*, the *Telegraph*, (a most interesting piece) and the *Highland Oracle*.

Mr. H. begs leave to assure the public, that no description of the Androides can give an adequate idea of the entertainment they afford; and further begs leave to state with confidence, that there is no religious persuasion whatever need apprehend censure from visiting this Exhibition, there being nothing in it that can possibly offend morality or religion.

Doors open at 7 o'clock, and Exhibition commences at half past 7, and lasts about an hour and a half. Boxes, 50 Cents—Gallery, 25 Cents. Children under 12 years half price.—The room is neatly fitted up, and every thing calculated to give satisfaction to an enlightened audience.

Tickets may be had at Messrs. Dubois & Stodart's Music Store, 126 Broadway, and at the room in the evening.

*** It is earnestly requested that the Company be in the room before the time of beginning, or they lose an interesting part of the entertainment.

Particulars in the Handbills. Oct. 11.

GEOGRAPHICAL ESTABLISHMENT,

124 BROADWAY,

(Opposite the City Hotel, New-York.)

THE Subscriber has purchased the valuable stock of Maps, Copperplates, and all the copy-right publications belonging to the late J. Melish, and has now ready for sale, a complete assortment of Maps, and Geographical Works, including all the new publications of merit.

MELISH'S MAP OF THE UNITED STATES, and contiguous British and Spanish Possessions and the West-Indies, improved up to the present time, with Major Long's Surveys, and accompanied by a *book* of 500 pages, containing a geographical description of the United States, and 12 octavo Maps, of principal places, the geography and an epitome of the history of each state, late census, &c. *A valuable work for reference.* Size of the *Map* 5 feet by 4. Price on Rollers, or in a Portable form with the book, 10 dollars. *Map* separate, 8 dollars and a half.

In 1818, Melish's Map of the United States was used by the American and Spanish governments in fixing the boundary line from the Gulf of Mexico to the Pacific Ocean.

MELISH'S MAP OF THE WORLD, on Mercator's Projection, with the discoveries of Parry, Kotzebue, the New South Shetland Islands, the New States of South America, &c. *with an octavo volume of descriptive matter*, and Maps of the Isthmus of Darien, and of Suez. Price on cloth and rollers, or in portable form with the book, 10 dollars.

THE TRAVELLER'S DIRECTORY through the United States, a description of all the principal Roads, with remarks on the Rivers; with an Appendix, containing Post-Office Regulations, Land-Offices, Military Posts, Census of the United States, &c. illustrated by appropriate Maps, by J. Melish; the size is 12 mo. Price, with a Map of the United States, coloured, and a diagram, half bound, 2 dollars. The same in a pocket-book form 2 dollars and 50 cents. The same book with *two* Maps on a larger scale, and diagram in a pocket-book form 3 dollars.

As a book of Roads for the convenience of Travellers this work is unique, and is too well known to require any recommendation. This edition has Tables of the Counties, Chief Towns, and Population of each State, and much other valuable information.

Also for sale, MAPS of the different States, on bank paper, coloured, from 50 cents to 1 dollar and 50 cents each.

The STATE MAPS, on a *large* scale, of South-Carolina, North-Carolina, Pennsylvania, New-York, Georgia, Louisiana, Ohio, Maryland and Delaware, Vermont, New-Hampshire, and Florida.

ATLASSES, a great variety.—Lavoisne's Folio *Atlas*, price 25 dollars, just published.

GOODRICH'S MAP OF THE HUDSON RIVER, on a scale of two miles to the inch, exhibiting the country Seats, distances, heights of mountains, and every thing interesting to the traveller. Price in a case, to roll up, 4 dollars, in a book form, 3 dollars, or in sheets 2 dollars and 50 cents.

THE STATE OF NEW-YORK and contiguous States, by Eddy, on 4 sheets—size 4 feet by 3. As an *accurate* and *minute* Map, this is deservedly celebrated, and is the most desirable for persons travelling through the Northern States, as it extends from the Rhode-Island line in the East, to Pittsburgh on the West; and from Trenton on the Delaware to Montreal on the St. Lawrence, embracing the entire region of fashionable travel, and containing the recent improvements, canals, turnpikes, &c. The ranges of mountains are laid down more correctly than in any other map ever published. The facilities presented by nature for innumerable canals and water communications are clearly exhibited, and in truth this map may be said to present a most satisfactory geographical picture. Price of Eddy's Map of New-York, and adjacent States, on cloth and rollers, coloured and varnished, or in a portable form, 3 dollars—sheets, 6 dollars.

Oct. 11. A. T. GOODRICH.

BOOKS FOR SALE.

VALUABLE Books for Sale, by HENRY I. MEGAREY, 96 Broadway.——The Supplement to the Encyclopedia Brittannica. This book forms a general Dictionary not only of Arts and Sciences, but of every branch of human knowledge.—The Edinburgh Gazetteer, or Geographical Dictionary, in 6 vols. 8vo. with a beautiful Atlas, by Arrowsmith.—Barlow's Mathematical Dictionary and Tables.—Baker's Livy, Tacitus, Paley's Works, &c. &c.

Preparing for publication, two beautiful editions of the Book of Common Prayer, plain and hot pressed, and may be had in any style of binding.

The works of Maria Edgeworth, in octavo, 3 vols of which is published. Subscriptions received, at one dollar and a half per vol. Nov. 22.

LADIES' CORSET WARE-HOUSE, 253 Broadway, where an elegant and extensive assortment is constantly kept.

Ladies generally know the comfort and utility of wearing Mrs. Cantelo's Corsets, and are respectfully invited to the Rooms, where regular attendance is given as usual. Mrs. Cantelo, recommends for inspection of the ladies, *the patent Minerva Brace*, as an appendage of dress, giving elegance of figure, health, and comfort to the wearer, and is particularly recommended for growing Misses.

As the President of the United States has granted a patent for this article, the public are cautioned against making or vending them, under the usual penalties.

Country Merchants and Dealers are supplied wholesale. July 13.

CAMBLET CLOAKS.

J. & T. WOODHEAD, *Woolen Drapers & Tailors, No. 138 Broadway*, have just received a case of the real Four Threaded Built Camblets, Blues and Browns, which they are making up in a very superior style.—Gentlemen who are about travelling, will find them far superior to any other Cloak in use.

They have also an extensive assortment of Cloths, ribbed and plain Cassimeres, Vestings &c. which they make to order in the best manner. Oct. 11.

JOHN ROBERTS,

MERCHANT TAILOR, 26 JOHN-STREET,

(Three doors east of Nassau-street,) New-York.

RESPECTFULLY informs his customers and the public in general, that he has received a select assortment of Cloths, Cassimeres, Fancy Silk and other Vestings, which he will make up on very advantageous terms.

An allowance will be made to Gentlemen who will take more than two pair of Pantaloons or Vests.

J. R. continues to make up Gentlemen's own materials on the most reasonable terms, viz:

Blue Coat, gilt buttons,	Dolls. 8 00
Black do.	7 00
Frock, plain,	7 50
Do. silk facing and velvet collar,	2 00
Casimere Pantaloons,	2 25
Vest,	1 75

All which are warranted, in point of fashion and workmanship, to equal any in the city. Oct. 11.

NEW SPANISH BOOKS.

JUST published, and for sale by F. LUCAS, Jun. No. 138 Market-street, Baltimore. A NEW POCKET DICTIONARY *of the English and Spanish Languages*, in two volumes, wherein the words which are subject to two or more spellings, are written in their different orthographies—compiled from Newman, Connelly, &c. By MARIANO GUBI Y SOLER, Professor of the Spanish Language in St. Mary's College, author of a Spanish Grammar, &c.

The variety of spellings which are used by different Spanish writers, and the great necessity there was for a good Pocket Dictionary, renders the present work no small acquisition in learning the Castilian language perfectly; and as this is the first work of the kind offered in this country, it is hoped it will attract attention from those that are desirous of cultivating so beautiful and useful a language.

Also, for sale as above, a NEW SPANISH GRAMMAR, adapted to every class of learners, by the author of the Dictionary.

The ENGLISH AND SPANISH CONDUCTOR, being a series of Dialogues and Commercial Letters, by the same author.

EXTRACTOS ESPANOLES, being Extracts from the most celebrated Spanish writers, both in prose and verse.

The publisher of the above, has much satisfaction in offering them to the public, as they comprise an excellent suit of elementary works, which will enable any one desirous of studying the Spanish Language, to pursue a complete course of instruction. Sept. 27.

PATRICK BYRNE,

QUILL, WAFER, AND PRINTING-INK MANUFACTURER,

No. 3 GARDEN-STREET, (Opposite the Post-Office,)

—Offers for sale the following goods:—

TWO hundred thousand English Quills, assorted.
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100,000 Executive, State, Seal & Notarial Wafers, from 1 to 3 1-2 inches diam.
10 rolls British Parchment, 5 doz. per roll, 28 by 24 inches.
Letter and Note Wafers, all colours and sizes.
Portable and Office Pens, warranted good.
Penknives, Razors, and Black Lead Pencils.
30 gross Day & Martin's Liquid Blacking.
Feather Fans, Paper, and various other articles in the Stationary line, on the lowest terms.

N. B.—Six Months' credit when the amount exceeds Three Hundred Dollars. Aug. 9.

MEDICATED AND OILED SILK.

THE Subscribers having purchased the entire stock of Mr. *B. Morange*, announce that they are the sole Proprietors of the celebrated *Perspiration and Water Proof Silks*; and also the *Medicated Silk*, so advantageously known in this city, and so highly recommended by the most eminent Physicians in this country.

These Silks will be sold wholesale at 191 Pearl-street, and by Agents in the Atlantic cities. HERRING, MITCHELL, & CO.

N. B. A large assortment of Thread Lace and Bobbinetts on hand. July 19.

NEW-YORK COFFEE-HOUSE,

NO. 10 WILLIAM-STREET.

WILLIAM SYKES respectfully acquaints the public, that his new dining rooms (which will accommodate 120 persons) being now completed, the ORDINARY will re-commence on Tuesday, the 7th inst. Dinner on the table at 3 o'clock precisely; price 50 cents, including table liquors, or 12 dinner tickets for five dollars and twenty-five cents. The table will always be covered with an ample variety of the delicacies of the season: and Merchants, Brokers, and others, may rely on the utmost punctuality with respect to time—also that the best attendance upon the table, which can be obtained, will always be afforded. The bill of fare may be seen in the bar every day at 12 o'clock. A saddle of venison will be served at the Ordinary every Tuesday and Friday at 3 o'clock, and on Sundays at 2 o'clock. On the alternate days, hashed venison, and other esteemed dishes, will be added to the ordinary provisions for the public table.

A Second Table will be covered at 4 o'clock every day, for the accommodation of those gentlemen whose avocations do not permit them to dine at an earlier hour. The Dinner will consist of meats removed from the ordinary, but served up anew, with hot vegetables, &c. Price 25 cents, or 12 tickets for two dollars and fifty cents.

The Coffee Room, which is commodiously and handsomely fitted up, will be daily furnished with a bill of fare, and gentlemen can dine at any hour, upon very short notice.

The Larder will constantly be supplied with every delicacy of the New-York, Philadelphia, and other markets.

Board, with or without Lodging, by the week, month, or year, upon moderate terms. The bed-rooms are airy and neatly furnished; and the utmost attention will be paid to ensure the real comfort of Boarders and Travellers.

Private Rooms for parties, and Dinners, Suppers, &c. furnished in the best style.

Wine and Liquors of superior quality, and genuine as imported.

Oysters, Terrapin, Ox Tail, Gravy or Peas Soup, every day at 11 o'clock. Jan. 11.

RETAIL MEDICINE STORE,

NO. 189 Broadway, (opposite John-street.) JOHN B. DODD & CO. take this mode of informing their friends and the public, that, as their store is intended expressly for the *retail* business, particular pains will be taken to procure every article in their line of the freshest and best quality; and that Family Medicines and Physicians' Prescriptions will be carefully put up in the neatest and best manner.

They have constantly on hand an extensive assortment of Drugs, Chemicals, and Patent Medicines, foreign and domestic—all of which they offer at the lowest prices.

Just received, a parcel of Sulphat Quinquina; Magnesia, Paregoric and Bath Lozenges: Swaim's Panacia, &c. Nov. 1—3m.

CONDITIONS.

Price of the ALBION, *Six Dollars per annum—payable in advance.*

All persons becoming Subscribers, will be expected to continue their subscriptions until a regular notification of relinquishment is made to the Office, or to either of the Agents.

Any person entering upon a new term of subscription, and afterwards wishing to resign, will be expected to pay for a half year at least.

All Communications to the Editor, or his Agents, must be post paid.

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